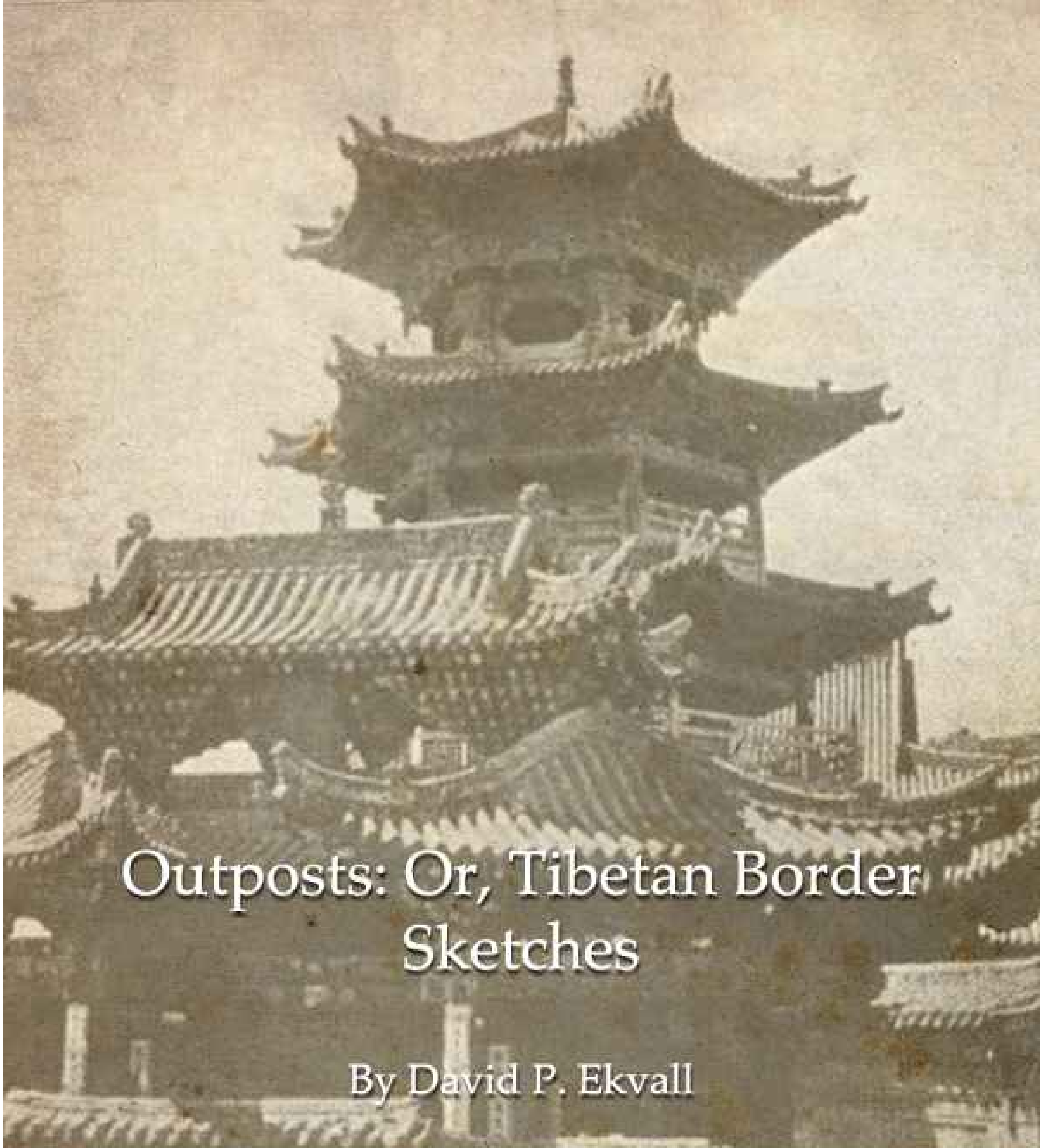


Outposts: Or, Tibetan Border Sketches

By David P. Ekvall



TIBETAN BORDER SKETCHES

I

ARRIVAL AT MIN CHEO

THE sun had barely crossed the meridian on a warm June day, when two tired, travel-stained foreigners emerged into the plain which surrounds the city of Min cheo. The latter part of the day's journey had been along the bank of the tortuous Tao river, which can be followed only by taking the mountain road, cut out in the rocks high above.

The view of the three valleys which converge here, the walled city lying four-square in the midst of the plain, with the mountains on every side, as seen from any of the adjacent hills, is superb. According to the poet:

> ". . . . every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

These foreign travelers carrying the "good books" arrived on an auspicious day: for, as they learned from the many who were going in the same direction, the people of the district celebrated on that day the greatest local idolatrous festival of the year. Men, women and children were thronging into the city, and the two latter, riding in roughly-made two-wheeled ox-carts, were especially decked out in holiday attire.

Little did the strangers realize as they contemplated these festive crowds, that their destination was finally reached, and this place was to be the scene of future activities. These young men were in search of a home. Earthly gain, tho legitimate when righteousness is joined to business enterprise; fame, tho laudable when acquired in the uplifting of mankind; neither of these was the object of their search.

But why had they come so far in quest of a home? Continents and oceans had been crossed—between them the globe had been circumnavigated—and the "Celestial Empire" had been traversed from coast to border, all for the purpose of finding a home for the Christ. A place was needed in this far-away corner where might be heralded forth the advent of the "Babe of Bethlehem."

Five months previously the writer and his brother—for these were the travellers—had left Hankow bent on conquests in the name of the Lord. Like Abraham of old, it was journeying by faith, not knowing whither they were going. Westward was the general direction of their onward course. But the appointment of the exact location was left with the Lord. Many large cities had been passed on the Han River. Tho hitherto unoccupied by missionaries, otherwise suitable, and easy of access on account of the waterway, yet our orders were still onward. It seemed almost a pity to pass all these cities and leave them as we found them, only to have the occasional visits of two brethren of the China Inland Mission, who were doing the itinerating in this vast region. For a distance of 2,000 *li* along this great natural highway there was at that time not one mission station. But our commission was ever forward! and we finally "gathered" from circumstances indicating that an unerring Guide was leading on, that we were to preach the Gospel in Kansuh.

En route we had the good fortune to fall in with Mr. Parker of the China Inland Mission, one of the first two Protestant missionaries "to sow the good seed" in Kansuh, and from him we heard for the

first time of Min cheo. It seemed from his description as if this extreme northwestern province was even more destitute of Gospel witnesses than Shensi—the province just passed—and as the missionaries had found, required for its evangelization greater endurance, and involved greater hardships. Leaving Han Chong Fu and the river, which here, during certain seasons of the year is but a narrow, shallow stream, we continued westward and very soon crossed the Shensi-Kansuh border. The one thousand *li* across the province were covered leisurely so as to allow time for preaching and distribution of Scriptures and tracts in the cities, market towns and larger villages en route. In each of the six cities which we visited before reaching Min cheo we spent a few days, thoroughly canvassing every street of importance, offering our books for sale, and in front of temples and other convenient open places telling forth the "Old, old Story."

It is not always easy to do this work of bookselling, and often God has to impart fresh zeal and moral courage in order to meet the rebuffs which are heaped upon the already despised "foreign devil," when he engages in this new role which classes him among the common peddlers of China. The story is told of Rev. Griffith John, D.D., Nestor among Central China missionaries, and who always carries books and tracts for distribution when he goes from his house to the church or visits the native streets,— that one day a well-to-do mer

ITINERATING IN KANSU'H.



RURAL SCENERY.

chant, who was a non-Christian friend, remonstrated with the doctor for doing what to him seemed a menial task. "We all respect you, Yang Sien seng, for you have been a long time among us, and we think it is quite beneath your dignity as a teacher to peddle books on the streets of Hankow. Why don't you have your coolie do it for you?" Such is their appreciation (?) of a "labor of love" which Christian truth has ennobled.

Our sales of Gospels and other Christian literature were usually large,—this was "sowing in hope." But neither mission stations nor other missionaries were seen during this journey across Kansuh. The Gospel had seldom been heard save from the lips of transient visitors like ourselves. A horse bought in one of the cities made travelling more comfortable, as we could alternately ride and

walk.

It was the seventeenth of the Chinese fifth moon when we finally entered Min cheo, and as already stated, being a day set apart for a very important religious festival, the streets were crowded with a motley throng of Chinese Moslems and Tibetans. The latter were of two classes, viz., men and women from the semi-barbarous *Drokwa* tribe, and the so-called *pan Fan tsi,* "half Tibetans," who speak some Chinese and whose dress is a mixture of both. The women of the former usually go barefoot, and wear only one garment summer and winter—a greasy, ill-smelling fur; their hair hangs down on all sides of the head, plaited in scores of small braids. Hundreds of these come down into the fertile plains during harvest time, and are satisfied with very small wages, and their food is the very coarsest. Their husbands are similarly clad, with the addition of boots, and the indispensable sword, which is stuck in their girdles. The latter article is for use and not for ornamentation merely, as those who have any knowledge of the ferocious character of the Tibetans, know full well. The wives of the *pan Fan tsi* are well dressed and profusely adorned with silver ornaments; but their chief ornament is the hair, which is made into two large braids hanging down to their feet, and these are usually tucked into their girdles for the sake of convenience. It was not difficult to recognize the gain-loving Moslems, who were in evidence in large numbers. These worthy sons of the Prophet easily outstrip both Chinese and Tibetans in business proclivities. Not even an idolatrous fair is prohibited them by their religion if there is an opportunity to fleece kafirs.

An idolatrous festival is, in China, the occasion for much display of feminine adornment. It is one of the few times during the year when the severe restrictions imposed upon the secluded Chinese women are somewhat lifted, and they walk about in small companies, arrayed in all their finery. Even women of high social standing go hobbling about on their tiny "lily feet," and attended by husbands, sons or servants, are seen freely mingling among the common people.

Hawkers, displaying all sorts of appetizing delicacies, line the streets. Wine-drinking and gambling are the chief diversions for the men. The many local deities are given an airing on this day, and hundreds of young men from the country are drafted in to carry these in fancy chairs around the city. Later on during our residence in Min cheo, we had occasion to remember incidents which happened during the fair. Several persons were all but killed by these men, who, wrought into a state of frenzy in their service of the "Wicked One," were not loath to pay off old grudges. The noise of these devotees of Satan, who were wielding formidable clubs, were suggestive of "the pit."

The presence of foreigners added to the excitement, and many gazed for the first time upon these strange beings. For preaching and book-selling it was a day of opportunity; in other respects we had seldom received quite such inhospitable treatment. Not only were we subject to the "observation without sympathy, which is torture," but for almost half a day we passed up and down those crowded streets, inquiring for lodging at each inn, and were as often refused. All pretended to be crowded, but more likely it was dread and fear which prompted their refusal. It was not the first, nor was it to be the last time when Kansuh inn-doors were shut in our faces. Still, why should we complain? Did not our divine Lord and Master, who wfas rejected "by His own" of Judea, say, "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head"?

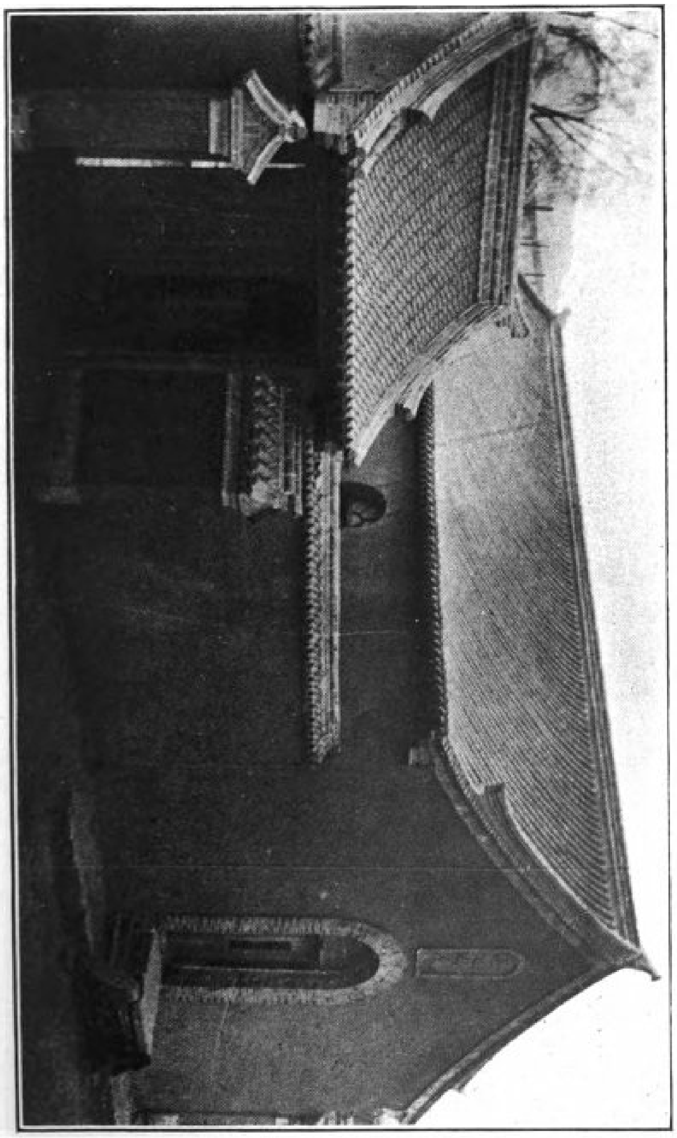
And when He arrived as the "Babe of Bethlehem" there was "no room in the inn." What an honor to follow Him in some phases of His rejection by the masses! And "the servant is not above his Lord." If the chief of missionaries was called "Beelzebub," is it to be wondered at if those who aspire to the honor of following Him are called "foreign devils" ? SucK thoughts as these brought comfort that day.

Towards evening our efforts were crowned with success; a poor Mohammedan, taking pity upon us, offered the use of his humble home for the night. We never had any trouble during subsequent visits to secure accommodations in the very best inns of the city. The ice of opposition was partly broken when we left a few days later. Large sales of Gospels and tracts had greatly lightened our book baskets, and altogether we felt our visit had not been in vain.

In referring to large sales of Scriptures, the reader should not misunderstand the missionary as inferring that there is such a hunger for the Word. Alas! real hunger we seldom find even among those who have read with more or less intelligence the Gospel story, much less among the many who have never seen the "foreign books." The strange book-peddler, neat, attractive covers, but above all the cheapness of the books, are more often the inducements. The injunction to the bread distributor is, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." And it does seem like "many days," when the toiler allows the cloud of discouragement to come between himself and the sun of promise.

But to return to the story of Min cheo. Like other cities it had to yield to the inevitable. On a subsequent visit, only a month later, premises were rented, the agreement drawn up, and *ting t'sien,* "earnest money," paid down before evening of the day in which they were first inspected. The apparent haste was for the purpose of forestalling any wish of the landlord to draw back, when exposed to the attacks of his friends, and their usual methods of intimidation. Several years of service here endeared the place and people to us, and when circumstances necessitated our leaving in 1900, it was found that besides the baptized Christians, the missionaries had a host of other friends, and it was difficult to say "good-bye."

God's work has gone on, tho for a time after the return of the missionaries it seemed as if it would suffer through the plottings of an anti-dynastic and anti-foreign secret society, which was getting control of the entire district. A large piece of land in the center of the city has been presented to the Mission by the gentry. Near this was erected last year a fine church building, towards which one-fifth of the funds was subscribed by the natives of the city-Christians and friends. Besides those recently baptized there are a score or more inquiring into the "way more perfectly." All this has come about in a city where ten years



MIN CHEO CHAPEL.

ago there was "no room in the inn" for the despised and dreaded foreigner.

And thus, in another of Satan's strongholds has been introduced the "Gateway of Heaven."

II

KANSUH, AND HOW TO GET THERE

GOING to Kansuh, did you say? What, way off there? Why I thought that was the end of nowhere," are some of the exclamations with which the missionary preparing for this long journey, is greeted.

We will not inquire too minutely as to the reader's knowledge of this. China's Northwestern province, for even some missionaries of the far East might have to think twice if suddenly required to state its exact location in the Middle Kingdom.

"Rather inaccessible," is the opinion of others, "so far away and lacking navigable rivers, the transportation of the missionary and family with the usual amount of baggage, involves an enormous expense, as well as waste of time, a very high mountainous region, and must consequently be very nerve-consuming, and besides, it has only a scanty population amongst whom dense ignorance prevails."

These plausible anti-Kansuh arguments will be disposed of at the end of the chapter.

Kansuh is bounded on the East and South by the provinces of Shensi and S'zechuen respectively,the trackless desert is its great Northern neighbor, the Southwest adjoins Outer Tibet, and the vast Northwest was formed into a separate province not long ago, and is called the New Dominion.

The topography of the province is especially attractive to the appreciative foreigner. He enjoys to the full its scenic variety, as compared with the monotonous lowlands nearer the coast. The Alpine grandeur of some of its many mountain peaks often fills the traveler with ecstatic delight, and very frequently he moves about in cloud-land. Several of the mountain passes between the mission stations are twelve and thirteen thousand feet above sea-level.

Kansuh is one of the highways to the "Great Qosed Land," hence an important factor as a stepping-stone in the evangelization of its barbarous hordes. Two Tibetan missions which worked for awhile on the border have ceased to exist, and at present there is only a little handful of workers who are pressing the battle at the front.

This province was first visited by Protestant missionaries in 1876, when Messrs. Parker and Easton of the China Inland Mission journeyed across. Other itinerating tours were made particularly through the South,—but the first mission station was not opened until 1881 when Mrs. Parker and Miss Wilson, its first lady missionaries, found a home at Tsin Cheo. However, the sowing has seemed to be on stony soil, and even the oldest established station can point to only a few scores of Christians as the fruit of thirty years toil. It seems as if these hardy mountaineers are peculiarly unreceptive to the Truth.

Northern Buddhism has a strong hold upon the people of the border towns. The bonzes are all trained in Tibetan lamesaries and as a rule are more aggressive propagandists of their religion than others of the fraternity in China. Dressed in their bright yellow and dark red garments, fancy hats and boots, they are always in evidence, being particularly conspicuous in homes where sickness and death have entered. They are called in by the superstitious people for the purpose of driving away by chanting, and ringing of bells, the evil spirits which are supposed to hover about the places of the dead.

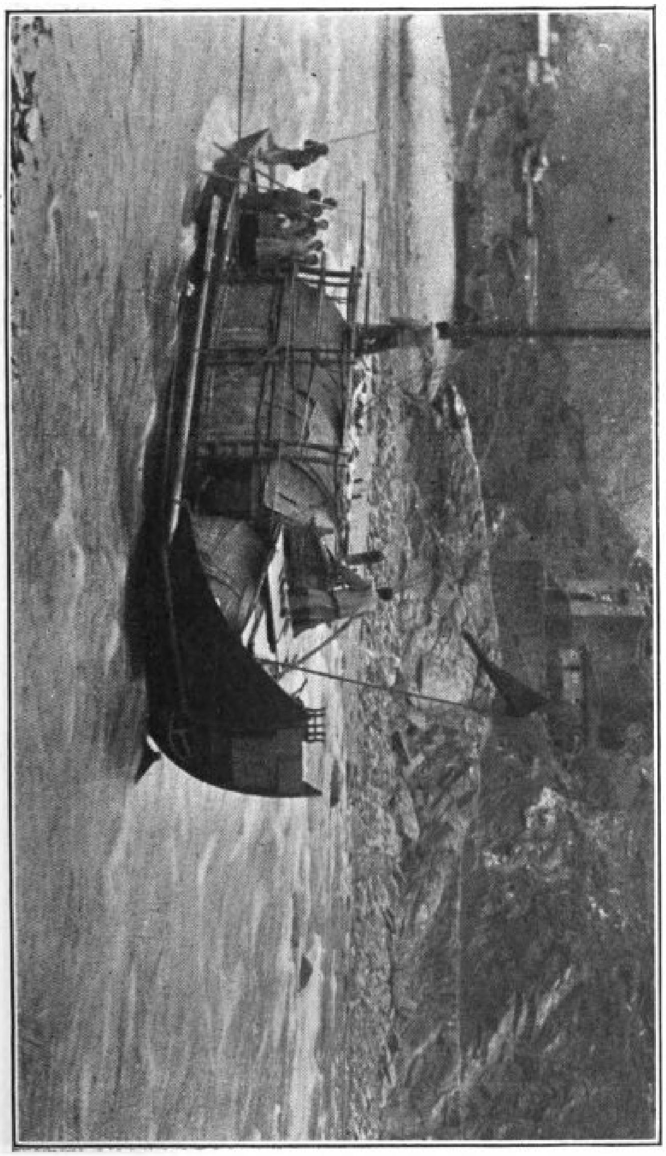
The salubrious climate of Kansuh is presumably of all the provinces most agreeable to Westerners, except for persons of highly-strung temperament, who find the high altitude and the desert winds very trying. Malaria is, so far as the writer knows, an unknown quantity; the rice is grown to a limited

extent in the extreme South and farthest Northwest. The real Kansuhite is not a rice-eater, except once or twice a year at feast times; nor could he subsist on such scanty diet. At least once a day the average family enjoys a meal of *mien*—similar to noodles or macaroni—and as indispensable to them as 1s the latter to the Italian. Bread, made of wheat, barley, corn and even bean flour, washed down with the usual beverage— tea—satisfies their simple wants for the rest of the day. The common people can seldom afford any meat. Wheat, millet, potatoes, oats, beans and barley are some of their principal products. These, with a great variety of fruit and vegetables, furnish the native with health and muscle. Such fare, supplemented with good milk and Min cheo honey, makes it possible for the foreigner to live in comfort with a minimum amount of imported supplies.

How to reach this "land flowing with milk and honey," is the perplexing question of many who would prefer its climate, but by no means intend to undergo the hardships of getting there. However, China is changing, and the foreign residents are not so cut off from the coast as in the old days, when our letters from Hankow were two and three months on the way. The writer remembers being four months without any mail whatever. Establishing Imperial Post Offices throughout the Empire is doing wonders. While penning the above we were interrupted by a visit from the District Postal Clerk, who had come to Tih tao for the purpose of opening a branch office. Mail every five days seems almost too good to be true, and we are beginning to feel quite modern, when we compare this with former monthly or even bi-monthly mail days. The newly introduced method of forwarding mail by mounted couriers who travel night and day, brings Tih tao within twenty days' communication with Hankow—the Chicago of China.

But until the proposed railway across China to our provincial capital has been completed, the Kansuh missionary is still dependent upon the ancient methods of transportation, which China has employed from time immemorial.

Only three routes seem practicable by which to reach this distant field. With Hankow as starting point, two of these coincide as far as Lao ho keo, an important business center on the Lower Han. Taking the direct western route one continues up the Han River another two thousand four hundred *li* and considers himself exceedingly fortunate if this houseboat journey has been accomplished within two and



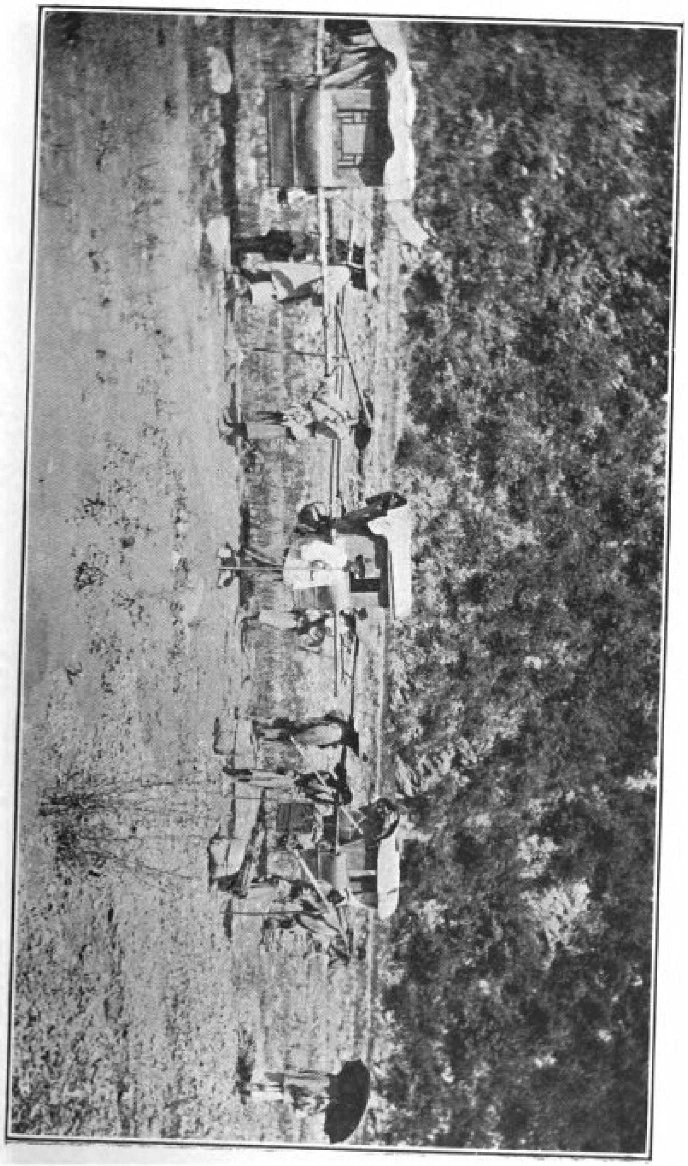
ASCENDING THE RAPIDS OF THE UPPER HAN.

a half or three months time, without serious accident. Alas! many a missionary party has come in too close contact with the treacherous rocks in the rapids of the Upper Han, with disastrous results to personal effects, stores, books, etc. Having to camp out on the rocks by the river side, while the house-boat, which has come to grief, is being repaired, and the goods dried in the sun, is not an unusual experience.

In the previous chapter we have already followed the route across Kansuh starting from the terminus of the waterway. Taking the second route, one leaves Lao ho keo, and the hospitable homes of our Scandinavian friends there, and turns directly north up a smaller river. Here, for two or three

weeks the traveler must perforce practice humility, for it is impossible to straighten up in the low cargo boats which ply these waters. Boxes and trunks fill up the bottom and the temporary resident enjoys the privilege of crawling about in the scanty vacancy between the top of the boxes and the low matting roof of the boat. Progress is very slow, for often the boats get stuck upon the sand and gravel bars, when the trackers have to wade in and lift them over the obstructions. Reaching the end of this river journey, the baggage is transferred to pack mules, and then the delights (?) of sedan chairs and coolies are fully tested during the ten days' ride across the mountains to Hsian, China's ancient metropolis. This city acquired a recent fame by affording temporary refuge to the Emperor, Empress Dowager and Court during the memorable exodus of 1900.

China's two-wheeled, springless cart is the accommodation from here on, over the almost impassable roads across Shensi and Kansuh. The many hospitable Mission homes along the great Hsian plain will bring cheer and relief to the patient sufferer. Roads in China are allowed to take care of themselves, hence their condition among the loess hills after sandstorms and heavy rainfalls, is not easy to describe. Such a novel journey must be experienced in order to be fully appreciated. We came across the provinces nine years ago in chairs, and what should have been an eighteen days' journey, under ordinary circumstances, was lengthened to, over five weeks, and besides we had to change bearers several times. Our seven men were the greatest scoundrels in the Empire, and they deserted us in the most unlikely places. I was forced to carry one end of the chair myself. Once we discovered a plot



CROSSING KANSUH IN SEDAN CHAIRS.

to rob us; this being overheard by Mrs. Ekvall, whom they thought was a newcomer and unable to understand. But the Lord delivered us out of their hands.

The third route leads up the Yangtse River through its famous rapids and gorges to Ch'ung king, the Western Emporium for trade. Starting from here, the great province of Szechuen is traversed from

south to north by a small river; when the Kansuh border is reached, and it is again overland for sixteen days to Min cheo, the first mission station. Only absolute necessity would induce the missionary to repeat the experience of trying to reach the coast by this road. We have very vivid recollections of our journey across these mountains some years ago. The mountain road is so dangerous part of the way that even the sure-footed mule is rarely seen, and all merchandise is carried on the backs of coolies. These stagger ,under enormous loads— several hundred pounds,—stopping to rest every hundreds yards, and making very short stages. The load is placed on a frame and fastened to the back, which in some cases, when uncovered, exposes a mass of raw sores: the man being on a par with his fellow burdenbearer—the mule.

It was on this road, near the Kansuh-Szechuen border, that our party of missionaries— the last to leave the province in August, 1900— had an encounter with robbers. Mr. Shantz was severely wounded, and fainted from loss of blood. Both he and Mrs. McBeth were held as prisoners for several days, and their horses and other valuables taken from them. However, the robbers were overawed by the people of the village, and when Mr. Shantz had sufficiently recovered from his wounds, the horses were restored, and the travellers were allowed to proceed on their journey to rejoin their companions who were coming by the water route.

The arguments stated in the beginning of the chapter, and with which prospective Kansuh missionaries are entertained, tho seeming-' ly reasonable, are hardly tenable when confronted with the "Great Commission"—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

As far as hardships are concerned, we suppose that to be the appointed portion of the Gospel herald,—"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

The fact of their dense ignorance is a furtheir claim upon our sympathy, for that is just what the Gospel, as commonly believed, is accredited with power to remove. If Kansuh is to be neglected because a careful calculation of dollars and cents proves it a "costly mission field," then it is about time to abandon the whole missionary enterprise.

Its vast area—in size this province ranks second in the Empire—demands a proportionally large number, and fifty-two missionaries, its present force, is altogether inadequate to meet the needs of its ten or twelve millions of people, and to grasp the splendid opportunities for their evangelization.

God bless Kansuh and greatly increase its workers!

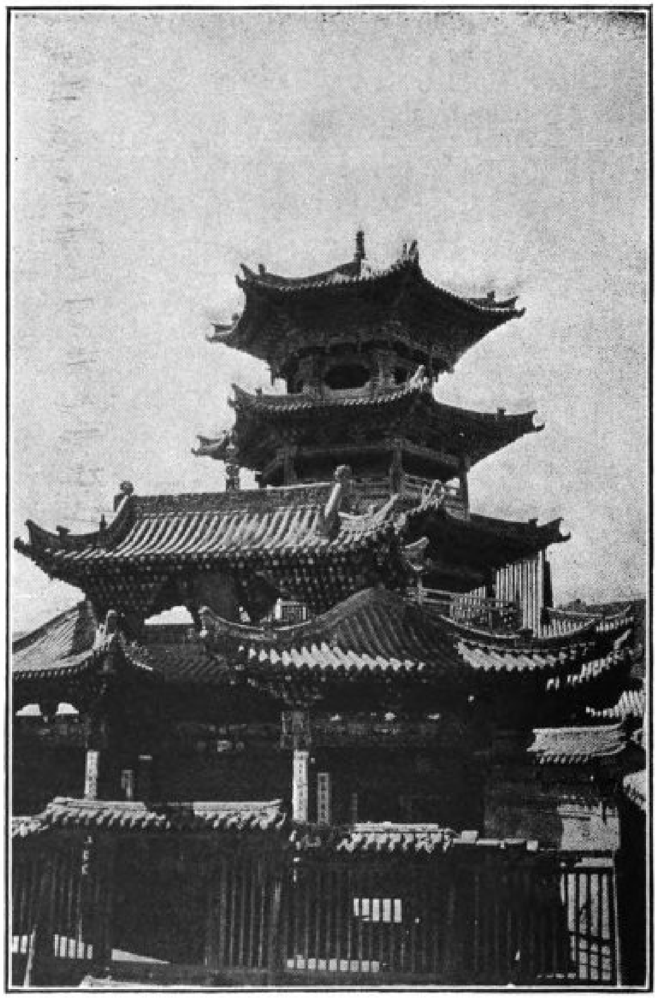
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THE CHEO KIA OF TAO CHEO

IT was in April of 1895, after the usual long and tedious journey across the Empire, that our Tibetan pioneers, Messrs. Christie and Simpson, arrived on the border.

They had decided to locate in Tao cheo, or at least settle there until more familiar with conditions of life beyond that point, more thoroughly acquainted with the Tibetan tongue, and possibilities of work. This city had already entertained transient foreign visitors. Several missionaries of our sister society in Kansuh, burning with love for this semi-barbarous race, had spent weeks at a time here, but no permanent work had been carried on. Here it was that Miss Annie Taylor sojourned several months, dispensing medicine and making preparations previous to her courageous dash into Tibet, which almost proved disastrous to life as well as to property.

The first native of the place to show a friendly interest in the new arrivals, and who visited them in their inn the following day, was Cheo Sien-seng. It was his father who had in every way possible befriended Miss Taylor,



THE MOSQUE AT TAO CHEO.

and when she made known her purpose of entering Tibet, had earnestly endeavored to dissuade her from recklessly endangering her life in its wilds. This friendly visit was very much appreciated by the foreign visitors, especially as they soon learned that the Cheo *kia* was one of the most influential and wealthy families of the city. Hence, association with them would give a very desirable standing to the otherwise usually despised "Ocean men." Ere long they discovered that it was greatly to their advantage to cultivate an acquaintance with this scholarly, yet unassuming Chinese gentleman, whose thorough knowledge of everything Tibetan was freely placed at their disposal, and whose assistance greatly facilitated the maturing of plans in those early days.

Thus it came to pass that Mr. Cheo's apothecary shop just inside the South Gate, became a sort of Information Bureau; and neither father nor son ever wearied in doing what they could to make the missionaries comfortable.

The Mohammedan rebellion broke out early that summer, and acting upon the advice of these friends, the missionaries transferred themselves and their few belongings to a Buddhist monastery across the river. When later on in the season it looked serious, and grave fears were entertained that the Moslems of the city (there being three Mohammedans to every Chinese in Tao cheo, Old City)

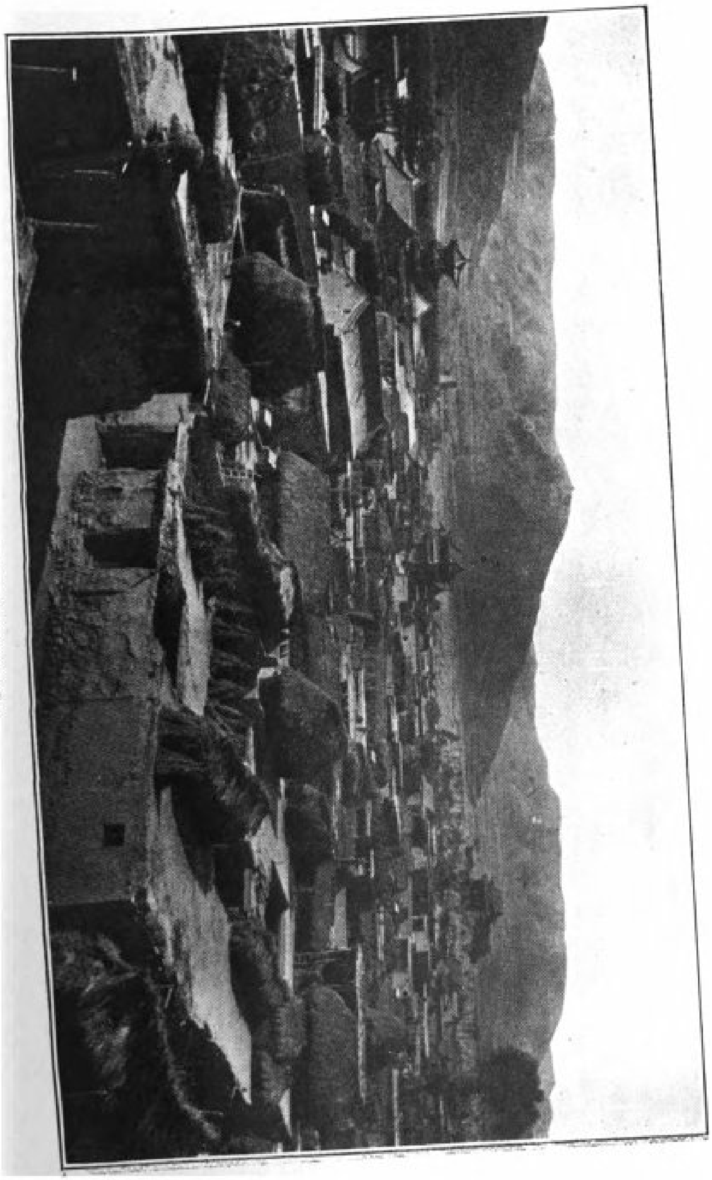
would unite with the rebels, Cheo *lao-ie* expecting that he might have to flee to any time, entrusted all his gold, which amounted to about two thousand *taels,* to the missionaries, it being safer with them.

And when in the fall and winter Mr. Christie was left alone, and for many months was cut off from communication with the coast, Cheo the elder supplied him with everything necessary, and would often say, "While I have money, Sien-seng will never want for it; as long as I have anything to eat, you shall never know hunger; and as long as I have a roof to cover my head, I will most certainly share it with you." And Cheo *lao-ie* was always as good as his word.

This old gentleman's concern for the missionaries was touching; especially when one of them was stricken with that most dread disease, smallpox. He used to call daily, and spend hours with the patient. The Chinese do not fear contagion as do foreigners, nearly all having been inoculated with it in infancy. No one could have expressed a greater joy than he over the happy outcome, and the restoration of the newly married missionary. He even concurred with them in their opinion that this recovery from a very severe attack, was due to the direct interference of a prayer-hearing God. It is almost impossible to imagine that this courteous, kind old friend, whose benevolence was more than the ordinary, could become such a furious persecutor of the son who had learned to know and love the Saviour these foreigners proclaimed. For if there is one person in the Flowery Kingdom who has been faithfully dealt with on the question of personal salvation, and to whom the atonement and God's love to sinners through Christ, has been clearly explained, it is Cheo *Lao tai-ie,* "Cheo the Venerable great-grandfather." (Altho only sixty years old, he had already attained to this, among Chinese coveted distinction, and his progeny were numerous.)

He was not altogether unimpressed by the preaching, but on the other hand would accept much of what he heard of the Gospel. After one of these earnest discussions, when the way of salvation was pointed out so clearly that it could not be mistaken, and he having vainly tried to prove that God was somewhat in debt to him for the many good deeds he had done, he said finally as he left: "I'll take my chances, for if I am not good enough to go to heaven, I am surely not bad enough to be cast into hell." Thus this strict Confucianist continued in his self-righteous way, altho very fond of reading the Christian literature with which the brethren could supply him.

But the heart of the son gradually opened to receive the Truth, and he not only became indifferent to the usual methods of worship, but such would actually disgust him. During days of idolatrous processions he usually absented himself from his store, so as to avoid having to comply with the custom of burning incense, and prostrating himself before the idols,—the hideous gilded things which are carried in sedan chairs. He encountered much opposition from his father when, after remaining a widower for several years, he married again. His life previous to this had been according to the moral standard of the majority of the Chinese mingling with the Tibetans. His sincerity in desiring to shape his life according to the Gospel standard led him to request Christian marriage with a woman of ill-repute who also wished to reform. For, as he expressed it himself, his life previous to this had been so impure that he could not conscientiously ask a pure woman to become his wife.



TAO CHEO, OLD CITY.

This enraged his father, who went so far in his domineering over his son as to try to separate them; putting up a proclamation on the city wall offering to any well-deserving man, on application, a wife for nothing.

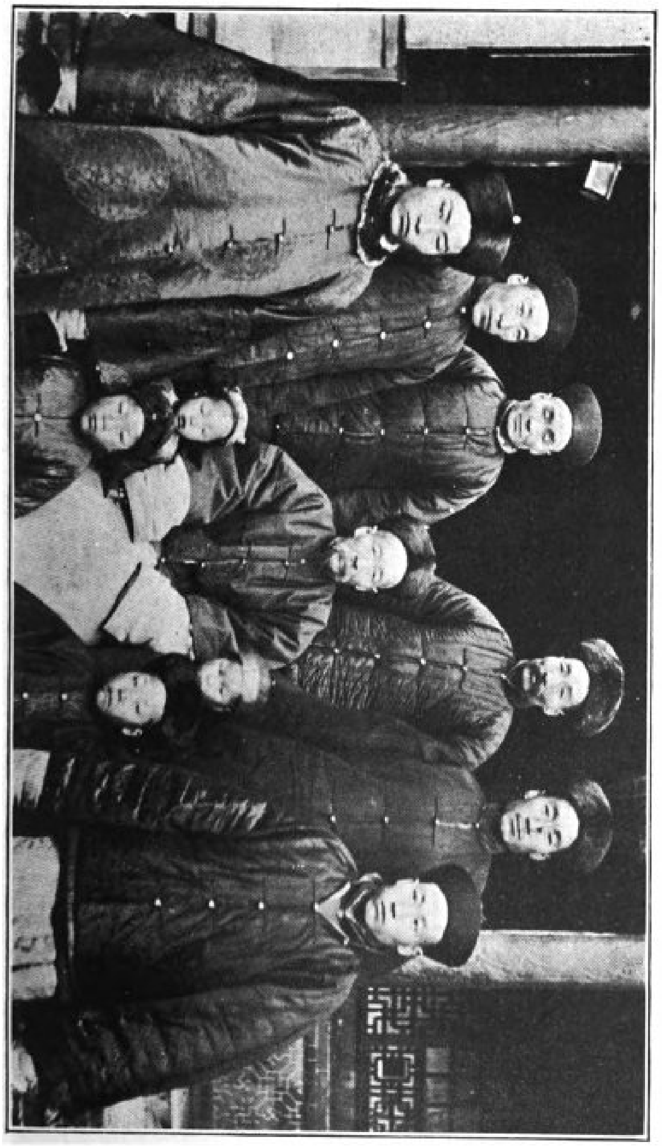
The exodus of the missionaries during the Boxer year, and their absence for two years, had far from discouraged Mr. Cheo, Jr., in his desire to become a Christian. On the contrary, his faith was strengthened, his purpose confirmed, and he was ready to publicly confess Christ upon the return of

the missionaries to Tao cheo. He was the first one of the place to take that step. In all other matters he was willing to yield to his father, but on questions which touched his religious convictions he was firm as a rock. The storm broke loose immediately. The younger son had also departed from the faith of his father, having long ago married a Mohammedan wife, and become a Moslem proselyte. By learning Arabic and studying the Koran he had become proficient in chanting. One would judge from the character of this son that his religious convictions are matters of policy, for he continues to make money, being sought after to *nien king.*

Now that the oldest son had become a Christian, it seemed more than the old man could endure. In case of his decease, whom could he depend upon to perform the customary rites which assure a peaceful repose to the soul of the departed?[1] Moreover, he was openly taunted on the street, as the old man whose one son had become a Moslem and the other a Christian, and the only friend he had was neither Chinese nor Mohammedan. This referred to a vinegar merchant of Tao cheo, who tries to stand in with both parties, and having a certain knowledge of Christianity can talk even the "Jesus religion." This policy-man has strange to say, become Cheo *lao-ie's* most intimate friend.

As persuasions proved unavailing in turning his son from his new found faith, the old man sought to accomplish it by force, and for that purpose went in person to the magistrate. He preferred charges against his Christian son on the ground of his being a *ni-tsi,* "rebellious son." Such charge being sustained involves

'Man possesses, according to Chinese metaphysics, besides the body, *son huen t'sih pei,* "three souls and seven spirits." One soul departs into the Unknown, one hovers about the grave, and the third takes up its abode in the ancestral tablet, *hsing* or *ch'ih bob,* "searching for food and drink." Hence the necessity of worship and offerings to those souls at stated times and places. The whereabouts of the *t'sih pei,* or inferior animal spirits, is not definitely known or stated.



FOt.R GENERATIONS OF THF. CHF.O FAMILY. THE CHRISTIAN SON STANDS BEHIND THE GREATGRANDFATHER ON HIS LEFT.' THE MOHAMMEDAN SON ON HIS RIGHT HAND.

fearful punishment in China. For this crime the culprit becomes subject to the barbarous process of ling *ch'eh,* "Slicing"; the family is exterminated; the officials are degraded; and the walls of the town which has been unfortunate enough to produce such a monster, are razed to the ground. But the officials paid no attention to the old man's accusations, believing that they were overdrawn in all particulars.

Lastly, the infuriated and bigoted old Confucianist threatened with death his refractory son, unless he would desist from his unfilial conduct in adhering to the foreign religion. In China, a father's threat of death is not to be treated lightly, as is conclusively proven by many authentic instances from both past and present history. A father in the Celestial Empire exercises, in true patriarchal style, absolute control over the members of his household. Life and death are practically at his disposal, if one may judge from decisions made by courts of justice and according to the law of the land. He seems to have

a right to employ any measure by which he may turn a son —e'en tho a grandfather the latter may be— "from the error of his way."

Through it all Cheo Sien-seng stood firm, tho he had to flee temporarily until his father's anger was somewhat appeased. Disinherited, a father's threat of death hanging over his head, separated from his wife and children, for a time a fugitive from home and friends, willing to relinquish his rights to his wellearned literary degrees and honors; "none of these things" moved our brother. He had caught a glimpse of heavenly mansions, and by faith claimed the inheritance of the "children of God," being satisfied with the Father's smile of love and approval.

Such is true heroism, the index of an inner experience and of a heart conquered by the love of Christ, and revealing a character ennobled by Christian truth.

On his return from exile he was requested to sign an affidavit resigning every claim he had as a member of the Cheo family. He must forego everything: property, literary degrees, sons and all, and go out into the world as a poor man. He accepted the conditions gladly for the Gospel's sake. The middle-men, who brought the paper, wept; and the father must have had some qualms of conscience, or else was chagrined that this last measure had failed, for he finally refused to receive it.

It was in the midst of this heavy pressure and suffering that Cheo Sien-seng wrote an apology for Christianity, and presented it to his father. It is masterly as a Chinese literary production, but much more valuable as a clear, concise treatise on Christian doctrine. It is a pity that space forbids giving more than a few extracts from this excellent, tho brief compendium, which deals with the salient points of Christianity: viz., the existence of a true supreme Deity, creation, recognition of sin and its final punishment, and salvation through the vicarious suffering and death of the GODMan.

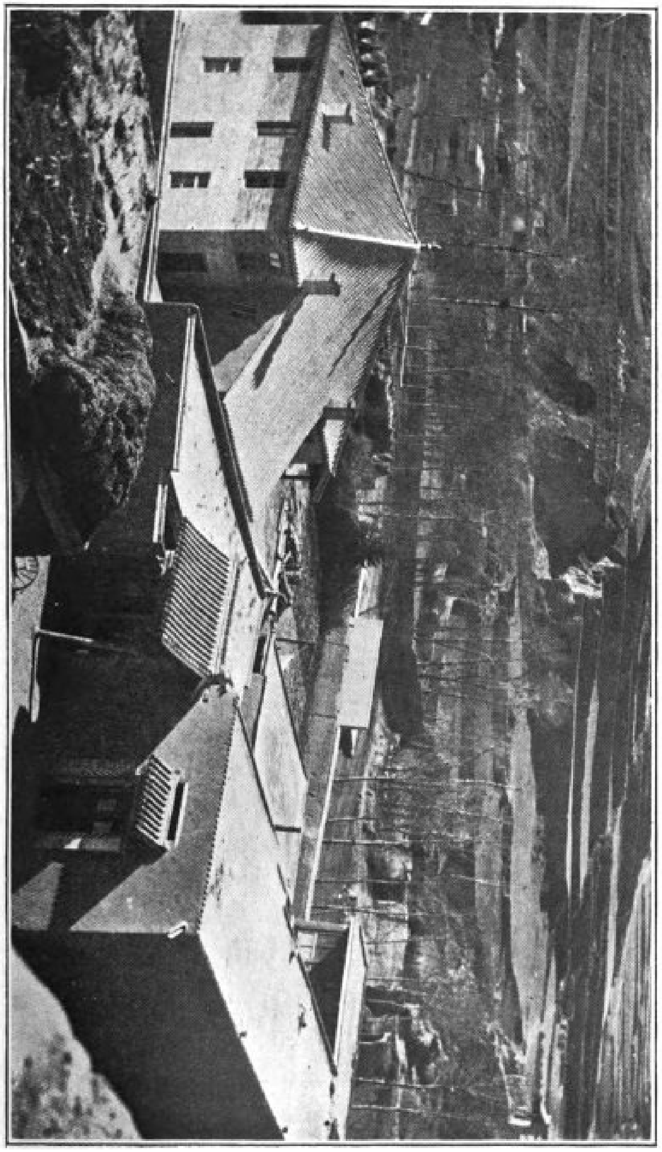
"That the heterodox cannot permanently supplant the orthodox is a self-evident principle. Confounding the two is like failing to differentiate between an imitation and a true gem, or preferring a fish's eye to a pearl. The true is in danger of being concealed by omitting comparisons, which are made solely in order to obtain evidences.

"It is a matter of common experience that the light of the glow-worm becomes extinguished with the rising sun; hence any religion which is not established by God, is like the glow-worm, whose light diminishes in proportion as it is subject to the rays of the sun. But the God-established, world-saving religion is like the sun, whose heat and light intensify with the progress of the yearly seasons.

"A careful examination into the conditions of this cycling earth, will reveal the fact that two-thirds of its habitable surface is entirely under the control of nations permeated with Christian sentiments; the other third under governments influenced by various forms of religion.

"Discussion concerning Christianity carried on with an unbiased mind must inevitably produce the conviction that obscurity is not its characteristic: forasmuch as the 'Way' was in the beginning of all beginnings, and will continue to the end of all endings: whether foreigners or natives, all are forced to acknowledge a common root and origin.

"By whom was Heaven created? Who has established the Earth, that it move not; and by the exercise of Whose power have all things come into existence? Contemplation of this reveals the mysterious key. The origin and root of all things may be comprehended by a reverent study of the Two Covenants (Old and New Testaments), but could only be *fully* explained by the manifestation of the world's Saviour. However, the darkened mind will absolutely fail to understand, unless God influences the heart; yea, tho he may argue the matter, yet



TAO CHEO MISSION COMPOUND.

he will fail to grasp what only *faith* can comprehend.

"Suppose it could be proven that Jesus was not God's Son; then His blasphemy of pretending to be what He was not would be such a great crime that it could not possibly be tolerated. And if that were so how could He then rise from the dead and ascend to Hea\en?

"Iao and Shun,[1] Confucius and Mencius, were not Heaven-born; hence they may be styled sages, but cannot be spoken of as gods. The moderns vainly exalt the fame and virtue of these sages, since they fail in imitating their sincerity, or in harmonizing their lives with their precepts.

"Throughout China there is at present a confused worship of false deities; a nonsensical burning of paper money; erecting of monasteries and nunneries; composing of inscriptions for tablets; and debasing prostrations before the idols. They say, by becoming the disciple of a priest, one will certainly ultimately attain to the coveted distinction of Buddhaship. Is not this to purposely sin against

the Supreme Deity?

'The Emperors Iao and Shun, who reigned during the mythical period known in China as the "Golden Age," are commonly quoted as paragons of virtue and wisdom.

"The world-saving religion inculcates reverence for the Supreme, and love to man. It is without an equal, for it teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and we are to regard 'all under Heaven as one family.' It is suited to all people, and suitable for all occasions; it instructs the deaf, blind and dumb, and does not discard even the useless; besides, it supports widows and orphans, and contributes to the maintenance of the poor.

"Do any suffer the pangs of hunger? It is like myself being hungry. Has any one fallen into a ditch? Then I correspondingly feel as if bedaubed with mud.

"It is said truly, 'all have sinned.' How may their sins be forgiven? How may man become reconciled to the Supreme Deity? And how may lost sinners obtain Eternal Life? This doctrine of the Atonement is the most important of all, and its statement* minutely corroborate.

"Supposing a person's clothes being torn and altogether insufficient to cover the body; 'the body bare and sleeping on dew'; would we not consider him an idiot to refuse a new garment which had been handed him? Or, suppose one famished with hunger, conducted to a table groaning under the weight of rare delicacies, and exhorted to eat out of costly dishes, refuses to do so; could we refrain from smiling at such great stupidity?"

Cheo Sien-seng is, at present, a humble "tiller of the soil." He comes into service every Sunday, often walking the distance of fifteen *li.* Money had come to Mr. Simpson for the support of a native preacher for one year, but when offered to Mr. Cheo, it was refused. He said he would do all he could to help in the work, but he had no need of the money, since his income on the farm would supply the few needs of the family. His wife and one unmarried daughter are both Christians, and he has taught them to read; but it is a source of grief to him that he has no authority over his four sons, who are completely under the control of the despotic old grandfather. Tho they might desire to follow in the footsteps of the father, they dare not at present. It is touching to listen to Mr. Cheo's earnest and often tearful in* tercession before God, in behalf of his father. Kind and sympathetic reader, will you not join us in earnest prayer for this old man's conversion? His coming out would be a powerful witness for the Truth in his native city, and would also mean the liberation of many of the family to follow their convictions. He has not ceased treating us as friends, altho he must attribute his son's conversion to Christianity to the influence exerted by the foreigners. When we last called upon him he was reading a Christian book, and as Mr. Christie and I left, he took each by the hand and thus escorted us outside the gate. We have reason to believe that he has come to appreciate his Christian son, who has been steadfast under all the abuse heaped upon him, and is still devoted to the old man; whereas the Mohammedan son has not shown himself at all amenable to the instruction or authority of the father.

What stronger argument than the above simple recital of such turning to God is needed to dispel the illusion of the "lower motive" theorists? Such steadfastness of purpose, while subject to cruel and persistent persecution, vindicates the Gospel from the unfounded slander that its efficaciousness in transforming the human heart is limited. It compels the admiration of even hostile critics.

The events of 1900 proved that the Chinese Christian church could produce an army of martyrs. The case of Mr. Cheo, and similar instances of conversion, which involve the entire loss of earthly advantages and prospects, augment our firm conviction that there still remains in China .another—

should the occasion present itself—would-be noble army of martyrs.

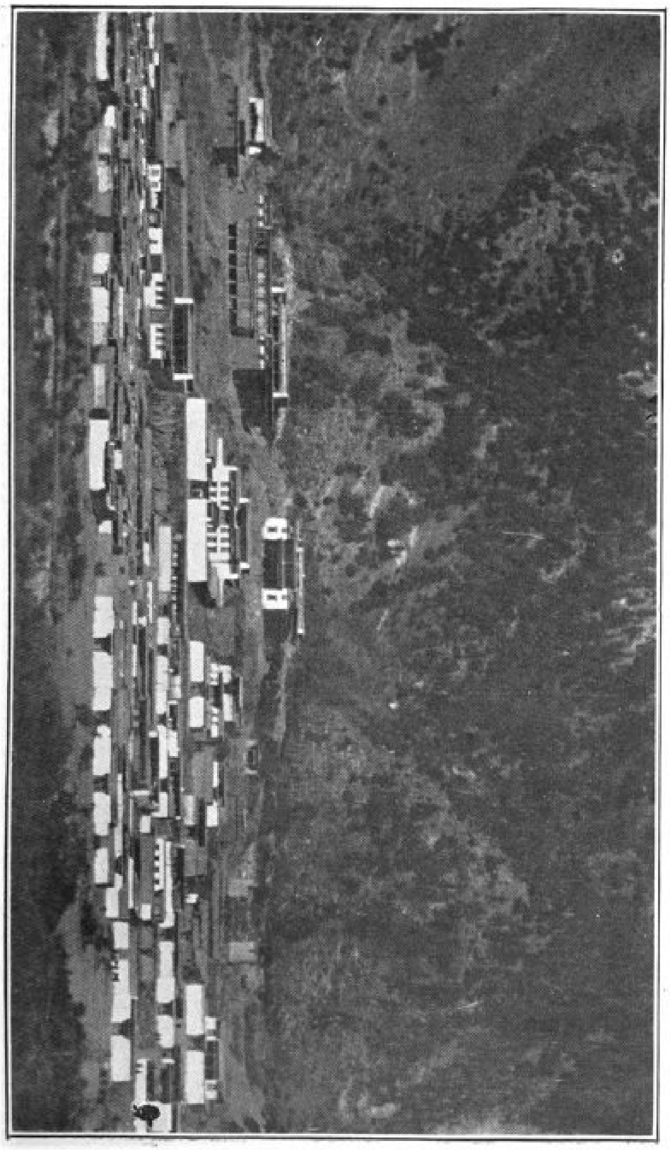
For answer to the unkind, and oft reiterated query, "Do Missions pay?" we turn for affirmative and unrefutable testimony, to Gospel triumphs such as these.

IV

ACROSS THE BORDER

LABRANG, "Castle of the Lamas," is a noted lamesary just across the Kansuh border. To attend the annual religious fair, hoping thereby to do some good, was the occasion of our visit during the summer of 1896.

Mr. Christie, who could converse in the native tongue, was of course the chief witness; whereas I was merely his companion, and confined to witnessing silently, or at the most assisting in the usual sale of books. Chinese friends tried to dissuade us from going; for altho it was a comparatively short distance across the border, the road had a notoriously bad reputation of being infested by robbers of the worst type. A few days before our intended journey a Chinese merchant passing that way had been robbed and killed. As far as that is concerned, no place in Tibet is safe from brigands. Encounters with them is the usual experience of foreigners who have the temerity to enter this land of mystery. "Ten Tibetans, nine thieves," is not only a current saying, but one pregnant with truth. Being subject to their attacks, is one, tho not the



CH' EH PA KUH LAMASERY.

greatest difficulty which confronts the missionary among these semi-savages.

Aku Sen-ge, a Buddhist priest, and a devoted friend of Mr. Christie's, accompanied us as servant and guide. Some provisions were needed even on this short journey, for Tibetan inns, when such can be found, are not well supplied. Fifteen *li* from Tao cheo may be seen the ruins of the old wall, which formerly separated Amdo province (part of Outer Tibet) from Kansuh proper. Not having gone this way before, we anticipated some trouble, as our passports do not permit travelling in Tibet. We were also told that Chinese soldiers were stationed at this barrier, and foreigners might be prohibited passing through the gate. However, our fears were groundless, for when we approached the guard-house and were hailed by the soldiers, Mr. Christie waved a paper, and that proved sufficient. Presenting any passports for investigation would have been of little use, for the illiterate Chinese soldiers cannot, as a rule, recognize one ideograph from another.

It was late that night when we arrived at Uan Kori. The stage was short, but we were delayed on the road having to wait for Aku Sen-ge, who, in his clumsy Tibetan boots, could not make rapid progress. The natives are slow pedestrians, but excel on horseback. We were not at all welcome here, but finally secured a resting place, tho only a grudging hospitality was shown. A dirty, tumbled-down *kang* in a corner of the courtyard, and which exposed its occupants to the frosty night air, was good enough for the foreigners. Even the summer nights are very cold in these high regions. When we came back ten days later, —about August twentieth—we travelled through newly fallen snow.

The next day's route led through almost sixty *li* of uninhabited country, which is often frequented by robbers. However, we had no mishap. Two years later when Mr. Simpson and I made the same trip we were fired upon by four mounted highwaymen, who were lying in ambush in this vicinity. However, the sight of foreign fire-arms caused a precipitated flight up a neighboring hill, from behind the rocks of which they amused themselves by firing at us as we rode by. After each shot the braves would show themselves, and waving their guns would give forth one of their famous yells. It was fortunate that they were less skillful as marksmen than as riders, or the sport might have proved disastrous to us, who were exposed in the open country and had to pass so near their hiding place. A little further on there are usually some nomads encamped near the road. Five or six black tents are pitched in a circle, into which herds of cattle and sheep are driven at night. The Tibetan dog is a real obstacle to freely mingling with the tent dwellers. The most courageous would quake with fear if surrounded by a dozen of these ferocious brutes, and it would be impossible to approach and have any communication with the owners of the tents, unless one had first gained their good-will. It is advisable to jump into the saddle and speed away at a good pace if one happens to be walking, as I was that day. A very recent and unpleasant experience has given me increased respect for this *genus canis*.

A four days' journey brought us to Labrang, our destination, a distance of two hundred and forty *li* from Tao cheo, Old City. It was not difficult for us to find lodging this time, tho on a subsequent visit we were absolutely refused admittance to the inns, in spite of the fact that in one of them a room had been previously rented for the use of our Mission. This shows the power and influence of the priest over the people, who dare not disobey their prohibitory commands. The whole village is the property of the lamesary, and any provocation or disobedience on the part of the people, who rent of the lamas, would result in immediate expulsion. Fortunately, we had brought a little tent with us in which we made ourselves quite comfortable, and found it not at all to our disadvantage to exchange the dirty, ill-smelling inns for the grassy plot by the river side.

The Labrang inns are like all other caravansaries in the East, tho possibly larger than the average. The place we stayed in that first visit, had, besides several separate inn-keeping establishments, half a dozen stores. All this was within the same enclosure, there being one large entrance which was always securely closed at night. The flat mud roofs of the inns served us as promenade. All sorts of bartering, buying and selling, is carried on inside such a court, and it is in these places that Chinese and Mohammedan merchants unmercifully fleece the natives.

The Tibetans are inordinate wine-drinkers, and become easy victims when well "treated." The Chinese copper *cash* are so scarce in this outpost of even Chinese civilization, that they command a high value. Thirty-three cash in Labrang, and as few as twenty-five in other places along the border, reckon a hundred.

Buddhism, as seen in one of these centers, and contrasted with its original tenets and precepts,

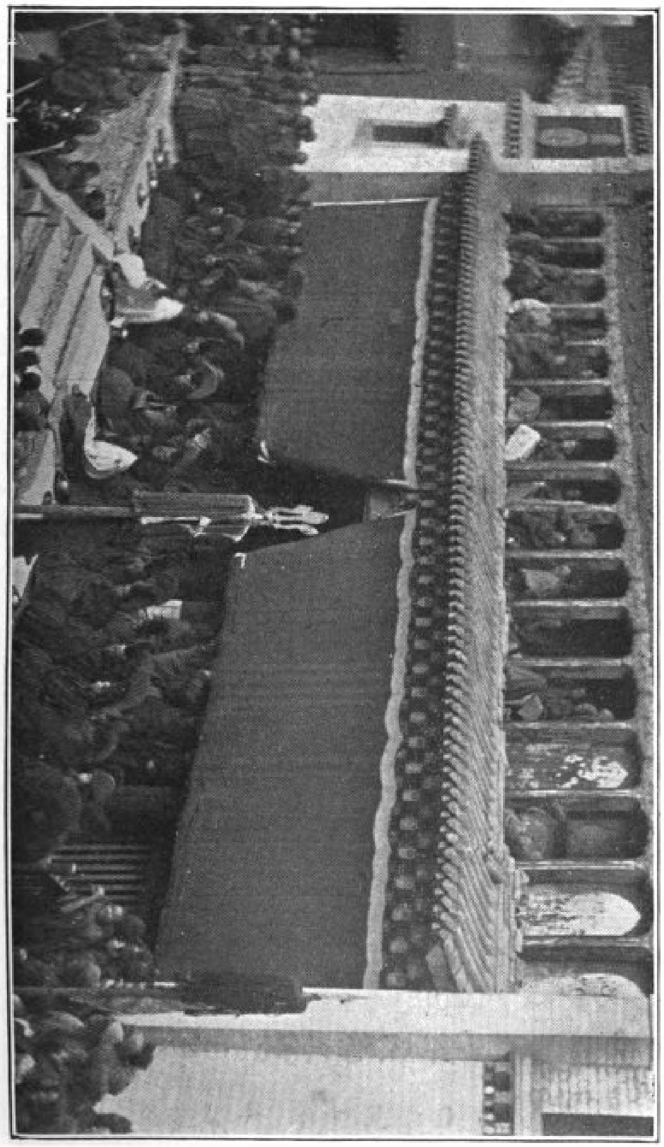
which strictly enjoin poverty, chastity and humility, produces a most unfavorable impression upon the critical observer. The lamas do not even make a pretense of living according to the vows of their order. They and their superiors — living Buddhas — fare sumptuously every day, and are grossly immoral. Alas! such are the exponents of the "Light of Asia"! In our walks on the broad street between the village and the temple grounds, it was not unusual to meet young priests carrying half a sheep, bought at the butcher's stall. So much for their vaunted abstinence from meat! Some are such scrupulous observers of the precepts of Buddha that they refrain from disposing of the vermin—of which every Tibetan has a generous share—in the usual way, but instead, expose their garments with the fur out, so that nature, some frosty night, may do the deed of killing. And yet, defenceless travellers are killed without compunction, if there is the least prospect of booty. Such is their consistency!

If a numerical strength is a criterion of religious life, then Labrang, with its magnificent temples and adjoining monastery, containing apartments for the accommodation of three thousand five hundred lamas, must be reckoned a very religious city indeed.

The streets of the town are lined on both sides with hundreds of small stalls, the receptacles for prayer-wheels of various sizes. Each passing devotee by simply turning the wheels once, registers thousands of prayers. Myriads of priests do nothing else the entire day except twirl their prayer-wheels, and mutter to themselves, "Om mani pad me hum,"—that strange and almost only prayer formula which seems efficacious to the Northern Buddhist. The vast majority of Buddhist religionists are entirely ignorant of the meaning of these six mystical letters.

The filth, and the stench of the neighboring village, was almost unbearable. What must be the moral filth of this bee-hive of useless drones! It seemed to us as if the very atmosphere of the place was vitiated. Gilded roofs and palatial buildings may cover, but cannot condone the wickedness of these lazy know-nothings and do-nothings.

A Tibetan fair is an interesting spectacle. It is most amusing from the viewpoint of a China missionary, accustomed to the decorous



RELIGIOUS FAIR AT CHONE GOMBA.

life among the "Celestials," to see young men and women sauntering along among the booths hand in hand, laughing and chatting. Some are boisterous and quarrelsome, being in a half intoxicated state. It reminds one of a country fair in Continental Europe. The apparel of the wealthy Tibetans, specially of their wives and daughters, can quite compare in costliness and grandeur, tho not in style, with the finery of their more civilized sisters of other lands. The almost endless variety of headdress and

silver ornaments adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. Many of the women thus decked out, carry on their person the entire wealth of the family.

Besides the purely religious ceremonies of the day, a brisk trade is carried on outside the temple courts; all sorts of wares are offered for sale; horses are raced and cattle sold. The missionary tries to do something by way of book and tract distribution on such an occasion, tho very often meeting rebuffs and even insults. The opposition seems greater where Satan is specially honored. Books and tracts were thrown back into our faces by some of the most fanatical of the priests, and even curses hurled at us upon the mere mention of the name of Jesus. We were told by our servant that all the Gospels which Mr. Parker, of the China Inland Mission, had sold to the lamas of Labrang, when on a visit ten years previously, had been collected by the order of their superior and publicly burned. It was also proclaimed that the lama or priest with whom was found secreted Christian books, would be branded with a hot iron. It is evident that the Tibetan Buddhists fear the Christian religion; hence their active opposition. The books we distributed may have met a similar fate.♦

But praise God the Truth cannot be burned 1 We had joined the thousands who were gathering inside the spacious temple court and contending for good places, from which to view the performance —a sort of semi-religious dance or masquerade enacted by the lamas for the amusement of the temple on this, "the great Day of the Feast." From the angry looks

♦We have learned since the above was written that the books we distributed among the priests on this visit, were also publicly burned in the courtyard of the inn where we stayed. The prohibition against reading Christian books had become so strict, that, according to a proclamation from the authorities of the temple, any one found with a Christian book in his possession would suffer the loss of his right hand. It is to be feared, alas, that none of the brotherhood would be willing to undergo mutilation for the sake of the Gospel!

cast upon us by these filthy servants of Satan who surrounded us, it was evident that the presence of foreigners was not agreeable. There we were, helpless, so far as we could see, in the very midst of as hideous a mass of humanity as I ever have, or ever want to come in close contact with. It seemed as if the infernal region had emptied out its contents; for these imps were true sons of their father, the devil. Stones had begun to fly from all directions, and I had already broken my umbrella in trying to defend ourselves. Only God knows what might have been the ending; our position seemed dangerous enough, when help unexpectedly arrived. The hooting mob suddenly made room for a couple of Tibetan soldiers who had been sent by the superior of the 1amesary, for the purpose of escorting us to a place of safety. Somehow he had been informed of the fracas and our peril, and was inclined to give us needed protection. We were escorted to the balcony of one of the temples, and assigned seats among lamas of high rank, and other notables. From this comfortable elevation we obtained a good view of the performance, and moreover could look with some satisfaction upon the rabble below, and our quondam tormentors. God had prepared a table (rugs) before us in the presence of our enemies. Seen for the first time, such a theatrical display, tho otherwise monotonous and tiresome, would on account of its novelty, amuse if not instruct.

A score or more of masked priests, supposed to represent various real and fabulous animals, go. through a series of fantastic gymnastics. Several musical instruments accompany the performers, making a deafening noise. Two lamas assist in the last act with weird chanting, which is prolonged until all the animals, even the wildest, stop their gyrations, and one by one peacefully recline at the feet of the chanters. Even two fierce looking robbers accompanied by little slave boys, are brought

under the spell of this strange chant, and are finally subdued.

This, we supposed, meant to represent the traditional Buddha, who could, by exercising his remarkable power, bring all nature into harmony with himself. It must be acknowledged that there was something very touching even in this mockery. But how dissatisfying to the conscience, tho it dimly expressed a universal yearning—"after God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."

The chief idea was the amusement of the multitude, and in this the lamas were undoubtedly successful, for the Oriental is easily satisfied in the quality of his pleasures.

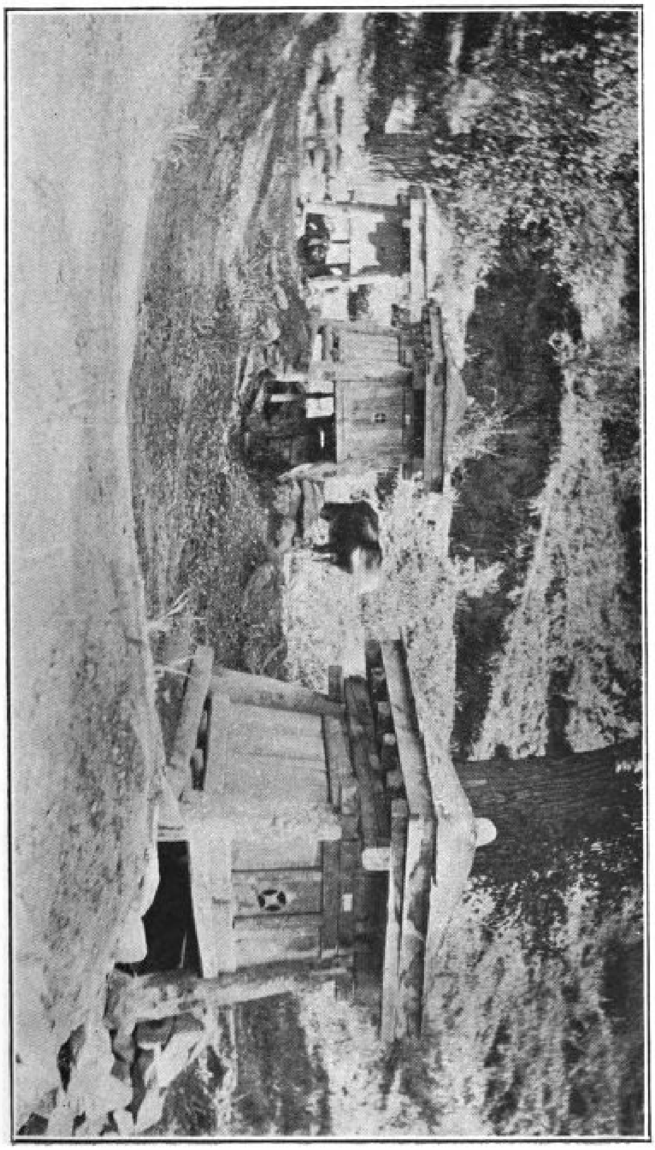
Next day we were the recipients of presents from the *Hoh fuh ie;* first the indispensable *lhata,* "scarf of ceremony," and after that was received, another messenger came with several articles of food. An invitation to call was also extended to us. We were glad to avail ourselves of this, since it would give us an opportunity to witness in this stronghold of Satan.

We presented our host with a well-bound copy of the Gospels in Tibetan; sipped the usual concoction of brick tea and milk well flavored with rancid butter; and then finished the repast by mixing roasted barley flour with the remains of the .tea, using the only implements with which nature has provided man. This is best relished when first worked thoroughly into a solid piece, and then washed down with more tea. *Tsamba* is a very wholesome diet, tho less appetizing at first sight, on account of the suspicious mixture in the bowl. However, we ate with relish, "asking no questions." A Tibetan host would be mortally offended if his guests should refuse to eat what is "set before them."

What we had witnessed during these days gave us much food for thought on our return journey. What mockery in the name of religion! Still, some of these poor deluded souls seem sincere. Nothing more pitiable can be imagined than seeing candidates for the Buddhist heaven—and let us remember that *Nirvcma* practically means extinction of being— measuring the ground which encloses the sacred temples and courts with the length of their prostrated bodies. This is meritorious work of high order. And then the hum of multiplied thousands of prayer-wheels, which are ceaselessly revolved by a superstitious throng of men, women and children.

In many places along the road are heaped piles of stones which serve as landmarks. One method of accumulating merit is to put a spear, with a prayer-flag attached, in one of these piles. Some heaps contain hundreds of flags. All the ordinances and practices of modern Buddhism seem such a farce; its working is a system of huge frauds imposed on the ignorant laity, and its sole aim appears to be the enrichment of a corrupt priesthood.

The "Light of Asia," which among a few Occidental admirers, is the designation by which the originator of this poor substitute for true religion is honored, seems so ironical to PRAYER MILLS. INSIDE ARE LARGE CYLINDERS FILLED WITH BUDDHIST CLASSICS AND THE WELL WORN PRAYER FORMULA "OM MAN! PAD ME HUM." EACH PRAYER WHEEL MAKES ABOUT THIRTY REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE. THE PRAYERS OF THE BUDDHIST REVOLVE, BUT DO NOT ASCEND I.IKE THE PRAYERS OF THE C HRISTIAN.



those who have come in contact with its almost palpable darkness. Buddhism is best known by its fruits. Alas! for the poor Asiatic who goes out into eternal night guided only by the glimmerings of this light!

Ten years have passed since this first trip to Labrang was made, and the place is still strongly fortified against the Truth.

"Oh, Rock! when wilt thou open?"

It seems as if the feeling of animosity against the Gospel messenger has intensified with the progress of time. "But we will give ourselves continually unto prayer" for Tibet.

V

ANOTHER CHEO KIA, OR DRIVEN FROM HOME TO FIND GOD

"f* UESTS are coming, more fires are needed, and we must get a man to saw and chop wood, carry water and look after the horses. Can't you find us one?"—was my injunction to the cook in Min cheo one February morning of 1898. After a little while he came in saying, "The man has come." So I went downstairs to set him at work. Could you but see him as he appeared that morning it would be easier to follow the story of the family. There he stood, looking at me with such funny little twinkling eyes; a short, stubby man in a dilapidated Tibetan hat, jacket and trousers of home-spun burlap; no stockings, tho it was the middle of winter, and shoes of some rude style between Tibetan and Chinese.

Cheo chuang hsing,—the father of three sons and two daughters, and the head of Cheo kia of Ki kia Ch'ai tsi—we found was quite a character, one of those whom trial and adversity had in some respects rubbed down the sharp corners, and had made other peculiarities stand forth with more striking prominence. He was one of the thousands of Chinese who had been driven from their comfortable homes in Ho cheo district during the Mohammedan rebellion two years before. With his family, this man had wandered from place to place, living as best they could and getting work wherever it was to be found.

Some four months later his eldest child—a daughter—came to see him; which visit resulted in her staying with us to learn to cook. She was a bright young woman of twentyfour, but sad indeed had been her experience. Betrothed when a child to the little son in a neighboring family; while she was trained by parents who trusted in their good works and upright dealings, the husband-to-be had grown up a prodigal. When she was fourteen years old, according to the custom of the district, they must be married, and even a more weighty reason was the fact that the mother needed her to do the cooking and heavy work in the family.

The Cheo kia were very sad about the affair, but there was no law by which she could be freed without the consent of the other party. So the son who for years had done as he pleased was induced to come home and be married. However, tho bound legally he was not to be so in reality, for after a few days he decamped and was not heard of for eleven

years.

A little son was born, but there was scant joy for the mother of fifteen years, left to the scorn of her neighbors, the abuse and ofttimes cursing of her mother-in-law. When the Mohammedan rebellion broke out she desired to return to her home, but was not allowed. In a few days the rebels reached their village, and in the court where they lived with several other families, she and Mrs. Li and the little son were the only ones who made their escape unhurt, all the others being either killed or cruelly mutilated. Becoming separated from her mother-in-law, she and the child fled in the direction of her father's village, but arrived there only to find it forsaken and the home razed to the ground. Then she with others crossed the near-by Tibetan border, and for a year and a half travelled about among the Tibetans, not knowing if her family were alive.

During this time she was subject to insult and many things hard to bear. While wandering thus the little son died, and as is the custom she was not allowed to bury him, but was forced to cast the little body out on the hills. Still she hoped against hope, that she would hear of the family, and all would be well.

What of them? The eldest boy and his wife were for some time alone; the father and second son were with one company of refugees; the mother and two youngest children with another band; each party not knowing the condition or whereabouts of the other.

The father has often narrated to us and our friends the thrilling story of their escape from the village;—it lies in a large, beautiful valley a few miles southwest of the city of Ho cheo. This city is famous in Kansuh as the rallying center of the Mohammedans, and the place from which has emanated the awful rebellions recorded in another chapter. After doing their worst to the residents close to the city, the rebels swooped down the valley, firing and destroying all property, and murderously attacking the people. The tales of those days are heart-rending, and make very real to us the historic records of the conquests of the False Prophet and his followers in their early days of glory and power. In cruelty and heartlessness they are without a parallel.

Our "old man,"—as all of us have come to call him—and his family first drove the cattle off into the hills, hoping thereby to save them; then hastily filled a small bag with millet, and with this and a cooking pot, fled with other villagers, leaving their home and all they had in the world to be utterly destroyed. To the average farmer in America this would mean a great deal. But oh, these poor people work so much harder to keep body and soul (together than their fellowfarmers in many other lands! Moreover, this was the second rebellion of the kind through which Chuagn hsing has passed. Truly they went out not knowing whither they were going!

The valley was filled with Moslems so they also made for the Tibetan border. According to the popular estimate of the Tibetans, it would seem like "escaping from a wolf's lair to fall into the jaws of a tiger." However, this was not so, for in every case of which we have heard they were indeed kind to these poor refugees.

With the savings of years of toil and frugality destroyed in a moment, separated from one another, often tired from weary tramping over rough mountain roads, faint from days of enforced fasting, and no hope for the future either earthly or heavenly,—for no herald of "Glad Tidings" had ever visited that village, and not the faintest knowledge of Jesus and His salvation had ever come to them,—how often were the members of this family in the depths of despair, and tempted to give up the struggle. But God was leading them on through the fires of adversity to "better things." A year and a half later each little company finally reached Tao cheo, and there learned of the others' whereabouts, and soon came the glad day of reunion.

In time it came about that we had die father, mother and eldest daughter in our employ. For months our hearts were saddened by their apparent lack of interest in the Gospel. They, of course, attended all the services, listened politely, but seemed so untouched. Others would at least ask questions; they would not, so wrapt in their own self-righteousness were these poor souls. For months this went on and we did cry to God for their salvation.

One day there came in our American mail a large lesson picture roll illustrating the life of Christ. The next morning *Apo* came up, and as usual I began showing her what the mail had brought. Hanging up the scroll I began to turn the pictures telling about each one. Coming to that of the crucifixion I said, "You know what this is?" She nodded her head. Then as I started to turn the leaves, she said, "Don't turn it yet." I busied myself a little about the room, and was suddenly startled by the dear old soul sitting down on the floor and bursting into tears. There she sat for a long time, looking at the picture, and swaying back and forth, saying, "Oh, Jesus, how you suffered! and all for *my* sins, *my* sins!" Then she would turn to me and say it over and over again, sobbing as tho her heart would

break. After some time she slipped very quietly down stairs, and we heard her tell her daughter to go up and see the picture. Presently Uen-lai came up, and she too was moved to tears, tho not seemingly so deeply touched as her mother, still the Spirit was using the picture to show her the "Great Salvation." The rest of that day poor *Apo* seemed so very sad; but the next day she came to me with her face fairly radiant. I was sewing, and she sat down at my feet saying, *S'i-niang,* Jesus is *my* Saviour now. He has forgiven *my* sins. He died for *me,* and I am going to love and serve Him as long as I live."

Dear reader, have you known what it is to patiently and tearfully plant and sow in very unpromising soil, under the most adverse circumstances in your service for God, and when you were almost discouraged, and wondered, and perhaps doubted your ministry was having the very least effect, to suddenly discover a soul had been weeping at the foot of the Cross, and had emerged from the darkness of conviction, and stood before you rejoicing in a Saviour's love and the knowledge of sins forgiven? Then you know how I felt that day, and it is unnecessary to tell you.

A more happy, consistent Christian life than was hers from that day on we have never seen either here or at home. She was so taught of the Spirit, tho very ignorant and of course unable to read. Having occasion one morning to go to the room which it was her duty to clean during the breakfast hour, I found her kneeling there with all her floor-cleaning paraphernalia about her, so earnestly talking with God. During the day she came to me, and said, "Do you mind if I take a little time to pray alone in your room while you are at breakfast? It is this way, *S'i-nicmg,* our room is so noisy, and the others are going in and out all the time. I have taken my time to pray at night, when all were asleep, but by that time I had made so many failures I could only repent and confess before the Lord. But, (and her face brightened up) for a few days I have taken time to pray while you were all down stairs, and it is all so different now! It is so much easier to overcome temptation, and at night I have only to praise and thank God, instead of always weeping and confessing. Oh, it is all so different!"

In such a short time she came to see the great difference between overcoming temptation—not only to all outward appearances but in the heart also. She had a daughter-in-law who seemed to be the very personification of evil. When she found her mother-in-law would not beat her as of old, and as is considered the latter's privilege in China, she turned the tables and took to beating *Apo.* One day after the young woman had come and treated the poor old soul in a shameful manner, dragging her by the hair until we had to interfere, *Apo* came in with *such* a triumphant, happy countenance, and exclaimed, *"S'i-niang,*— I didn't touch her to-day, or say an unkind word to her! But that isn't the *best* of it, I didn't even *feel* the anger in here," putting her hand on her heart. "Oh, L did conquer the enemy to-day!"

What a help and comfort dear old *Apo* was to us in so many ways can never be put into words. She prayed earnestly for her family, and was shortly rewarded by the very real conversion of her daughter. Hers was a case of deep conviction of sin and need in her life, and finally like her mother, she went alone to God, pleading that sin and need, and came forth rejoicing in Christ her Saviour. For days she had striven against the Spirit's pleadings, and seemed so full of evil and hatefulness we could hardly endure her presence. Still we knew God was working, and felt we must be patient and trust for her. From that night alone with the Lord, she seemed to step out into the warmest sunshine of His love, and was such a real help and blessing. The father's coming out was more slow, but, as later years of faithfulness has proven, very sure.

The Sunday before we left in 1900, father, mother and daughter were buried with Christ in baptism,

the other members of the family witnessing with silent wonder the precious scene. On the way down country the eldest son told us of his desire to follow the Lord and be baptized.

Then came the troubles of that year! The remaining missionaries had received imperative orders from the United States Consul to leave for the coast immediately. All the preparations had been completed, and it was nearing midnight when the little company of Christians— four foreigners and four natives—gathered for the last time to partake of the Lord's Supper. All the furniture had been stored, so they sat on the floor in the chapel during this last service. The service finished, the sad good-byes were said, and the three Ho cheo Christians under cover of darkness started on the long journey to their home. It was not advisable to wait until morning for the people of the city had threatened to kill the native Christians, whom they blamed for the prolonged drought. A few days before, our big, faithful Tibetan watch-dog suddenly died, which providential circumstance old *Apo* interpreted In her own simple way, "It was God's dog, and he has been taking care of God's people, and now when there is no need of him any more, God took him."

Years have passed, and changes have come! Our Cheo family have returned to their village. The sons work the farm; the father continues with us, and our beloved *Apo* has been with the Lord she loved so well, these five years.

Last fall, we, in company with Miss Gregg, visited the village, and from many of the neighbors heard of her constant witness for Jesus, and the heart-longing which she often expressed during the last days of her life—that she might end her days in the mission station with those she loved, and where she heard the truth.

One evening, just as the sun was setting behind the lofty mountains surrounding the place, and shedding its glorious rays of the day upon us, we visited her grave, and while our loss came to us afresh, how our hearts rejoiced in God and His marvellous grace, as we looked forward to the time when Jesus shall come and that grave will be open, and from Ki kia ch'ai tsi *Apo* will rise to meet the Lord and be forever with Him, and we shall see her again.

God is still working in their midst, and the sainted mother's prayers are being answered; three more will, we trust, be ready for baptism soon. One of these is the afore-time terror of a daughter-in-law. Mei lan is so changed now, and anxious to go on and know the Lord.

How often in the twilight have we sat and talked with these poor exiles from an earthly home, of their trials and wanderings, and they would always end up by saying, "Yes, God allowed us to be driven from home, and all we thought *good,* that we might hear the Gospel, come to Him, and obtain the *best."*

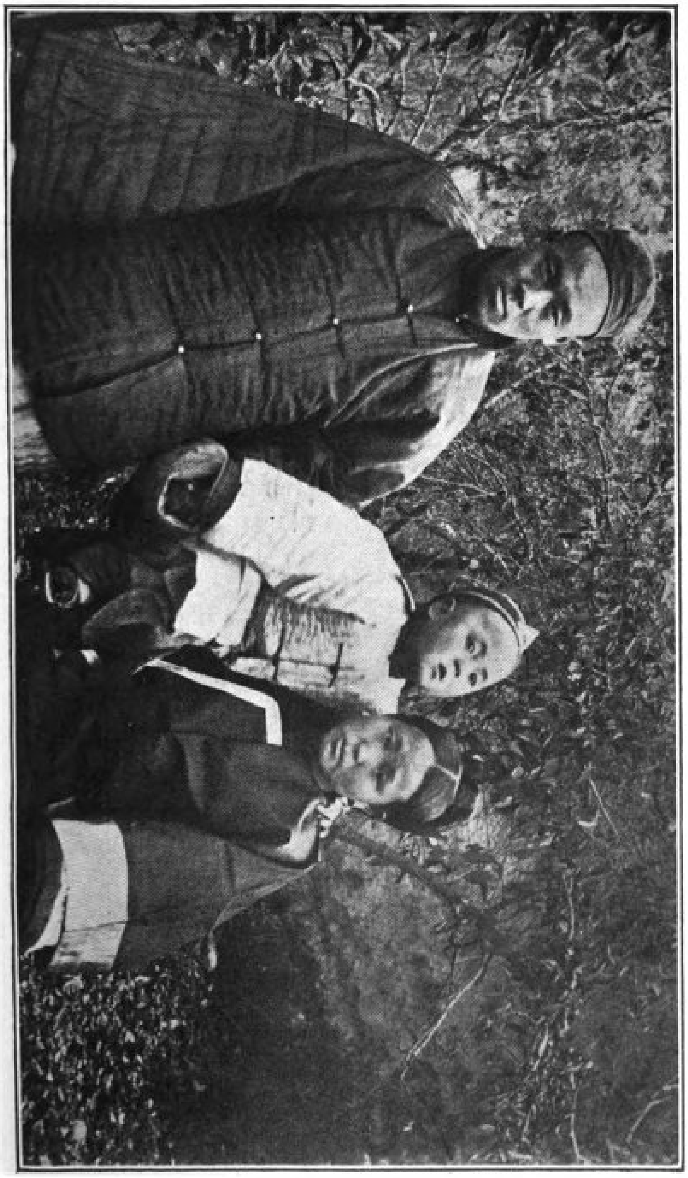
VI

AN OPIUM SUICIDE AND THE SEQUEL

IT was in the early morning of a cloudy, disagreeable autumn day, a few weeks after our aarrival and permanent settling in Min cheo, when I was called out. I had already become accustomed to being called at any hour, day or night to attend similar cases; so after quickly dressing I accompanied the messenger to the home of the victim.

It was the same old story, repeated in all its gruesome details. It was preceded by a quarrel between man and wife over some trivial matter, and the poison being easily accessible—the young wife had swallowed a portion. Some time elapsed before it became known to the other members of the family, and then every effort to rid the system of the opium proved futile. As a last resort the husband applied to the foreigner for an antidote. But it was too late. The death rattle was already in her throat when I arrived, and a few moments later all was over. Another of China's unsaved millions had passed away into the dark unknown!

The husband, with whom I was slightly acquainted, and only knew of as a promising young



UAND. TSIH-SHIH-PAH AND FAMILY.

artisan, seemed overcome with sorrow, whether because he loved this woman, who among her neighbors was notorious for her violent outbursts of temper, or perhaps because he accused himself as being the indirect cause of her sudden death, who can tell. At all events he expressed feelings of a sincere grief. Another of the many examples where infant betrothal and child marriage in China has brought a curse upon this holiest of all relationships. In many other more civilized countries it would

early end in a divorce case, and final separation on the plea of "incompatibility," but in China it very often terminates as just described.

From this time on, Uang Tsih shih pah,[1] manifested a more serious turn of mind, and became a frequent attendant at both the street chapel and Sunday services. He confessed to us afterwards that when we first came to Min cheo, he came to the "Fuh yin Tang" like a good many other young fellows of the city out of curiosity and with the intention of having a little fun at the foreigners' expense. Our talk, strange appearance and manner of living must have given cause enough for amusement.

Being a fairly good carpenter, tho barely in his nineteenth year, we had occasion to employ him now and then for the purpose of making furniture according to foreign pattern. Thus we were brought more than ever in touch with him, and through him we were introduced to many of his numerous relatives in the city.

But more than in his capacity to grasp new ideas in connection with his trade, and in his ability to employ new methods—and he did remarkably well for one who had never seen a piece of foreign furniture—we took delight in observing that the truth was finding lodgment in his heart.

Few artisans in China can read, and the characters learned once upon a time in school had been largely forgotten. However, a longing to be able to read the Bible for himself, gave "Seventy-eight" a new impetus to add to his meagre store of characters. Soon he could assist in singing and also intelligently follow in the reading of the Scriptures. Thus the truth was bearing fruit in his life; not only by effecting a change in his spiritual nature, but at the same time broadening his mental vision and begetting a lawful ambition —one of the results when the Christian religion finds an entrance and begins the work of transforming the character of the benighted heathen.

Very soon satisfactory proofs were given that our young brother was in deed and in truth a disciple of Christ. He became well known as the carpenter who rested one day in seven. But the crisis came when he was married again a year and a half later. He not only dispensed with all idolatrous ceremonies which are ust1ally part of a marriage in China, but actually prohibited wine at the feast, which was an innovation indeed.

This is quite contrary to Chinese etiquette and custom, and the natives of Kansuh are, moreover, much addicted to intoxicants. The sight of drunken men is not so rare as in other parts of the Empire. He made many enemies by this refusal to conform to ancient usage, but as he well knew the baneful effects from the use of wine—his father indulges to excess—very little outside pressure was needed to convince him that he ought to take this stand.

God enables sincere souls to make the right decision, and we are often unnecessarily anxious, being ourselves insufficiently strong in faith. The drawing back on the part of some is perhaps on account of our failure to co-operate by prayer.

It was a happy day when we went down to the river and my brother baptized this first Christian in Min cheo. It was a beautiful Sabbath

[J]Uang is his surname, and in China this is written first, for the Celestial, in this, as well as in most of his practices, consistently adopts reverse methods to those employed by Westerners. *Tsih shih pah,* literally meaning "Seventy-eight," is his given name,

morning, and several of our missionaries en route for the homeland, were present to participate in • our joy. Being very early only a few people

came to the river to witness the ceremony. Some relatives had threatened to come and drown him. But the day passed peacefully and before its close we gathered with this first sheaf of the promised harvest around the Lord's table.

Several Sundays after his baptism "Seventyeight" was forcibly hindered from attending service, and once or twice taken by his relatives out into the country. At other times he was locked in and his clothes taken from him. But nothing could turn him from his purpose, for the service of Christ had become precious. Neither the scorn of former friends, nor the threats from enraged relatives made the least difference; in all these things he was "more than conqueror." We cannot but admire such constancy in a mere stripling—barely twenty-one years old—who for a newly found faith dared to face the opposition of the world.

It is not the purpose of this narrative to go into all the details of petty persecution to which this young man was subject. It is sufficient to say that his spiritual life developed amazingly in this uncongenial atmosphere. He became early concerned about the salvation of his own people, and soon after his baptism, of his own accord, offered to give two or three days during the month for the purpose of accompanying me in my visits to the villages in the vicinity. This voluntary service for the Master was gladly accepted, and especially as in our Kansuh work, we perforce have had to struggle on without native assistants.

"Seventy-eight" still continues to render the same voluntary service in Min cheo while working at his trade, and now and then he takes a Sunday morning service, preaching very acceptably to his own people.

When we think of this young man, and many others in China like him, who have been lifted out of heathen darkness, and whose entire natures have undergone a radical transformation, we feel like exclaiming with wonder and praise, "What hath God wrought!"

The day of parting came in the spring of 1900, and in August of the same year the last missionaries left Kansuh, very uncertain when it would be possible to return. The other three Christians—Ho cheo refugees—as has been mentioned in a previous chapter, had returned to their home, and "Seventy-eight" was left alone, as far as human help and fellowship were concerned.

Years elapsed before our missionaries returned to Kansuh. When my brother, with a party of reinforcements, arrived in Min cheo during the summer of 1904, he found that "Seventy-eight" had not only remained true, but furthermore, developed many noble traits of character in this, another school of adversity. Loneliness and separation from human teachers had proved to him that it was possible to live the life of a Christian during the absence of the missionary as well as in his presence.

Many testimonies to his consistent life were given by non-Christian friends in Min cheo. The fact that the recent additions to the little church are all young men—four of these were baptized last summer—is a further recommendation of his life and influence. And of the present class of inquirers many are young men, some of these his personal friends and others his apprentices. He is respected and honored in the city. His trade is flourishing, and he seems now almost indispensable to our mission for he can make all necessary kinds of foreign furniture, and he assisted in building the foreign house in Tao cheo two years ago. He was the first native to greet us when the writer and family returned to Min cheo after an absence of four years and a half.

VII

THE CURSE OF CHINA

'"■P HE evils of opium? Pshaw! Such exist * only in the fertile imagination and distorted vision of a few fanatical missionaries," is the often too well formulated, tho rather sweeping assertion of superficial non-Christian observers.

It seems as if a credulous public were easily gulled by the vaporings of globe-trotters, inexperienced in things Chinese. But it is our duty as Christians, dwelling in the light of twentieth century civilization, to awake to righteousness.

Others as confidently affirm that the peculiar temperament of the Celestial absolutely requires the stimulus derived from the habitual use of opium. One, not altogether disinterested proopium witness, —formerly importing opium into China on an extensive scale,—when placed on the witness stand before the Royal Commission, went so far as to say, "that in the circumstances of their living, food, climate and habitation, opium has no deleterious effects upon the Chinese, indeed quite the contrary, for it is a positive need, and they could not do without it." What about the thousands of years when the Chinese nation not only existed, but flourished, even tho strangers to the use of this pernicious drug, except for medicinal purposes? It can be safely stated that opium is as little necessary to the well-being and happiness of the Chinese race, as poison is to our -own systems, or alcoholic drinks to man in general. All are equally injurious, tho the results from constant usage may vary. "God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions."

It would not be difficult to prove on the principle of cause and effect, that the opium curse is largely responsible for the present deterioration of the Chinese nation. Opium destroys man mentally and morally as well as physically.

To us China missionaries, and to honest critics, it would appear that the Royal Commission not only ultimately developed into, but started out as a Royal farce; for it is evident that they went out for the purpose of bringing in a verdict "not guilty," in favor of the august offender before the bar of public opinion, and the enlightened conscience of the Nineteenth Century.

In face of the facts of history it is vain for the British Government to try to evade just criticism and ultimate retribution by shifting responsibility to the shoulders of its victim. What are these facts?

In 1834 occurred an event which might be called the Canton Opium Party, and which in its resuits was as inglorious to the foreign power which participated, by its representatives, as the famous "Boston tea party" sixty years previously.

Tao Kuang,. the aged Emperor of China, had made passionate, tho futile protests against the importation of opium. Himself a rescued victim of opium, and the father of two sons, of whom it is said that they had very early ended their career through indulgence of the same vice, he had decided that he would consent to any sacrifice rather than legalize this trade. When the loss of revenue was employed as an argument to deter from his purpose, he exclaimed with virtuous indignation, "Heaven forbid that I should derive profit from the vices of my subjects!" Many rulers would profit and so would their people by imitating his noble conduct!

However, England's opportunity to interfere came when the Imperial Commissioner Liu-an—intense opium hater—was sent as viceroy to Canton, for the purpose of putting a stop to the illegal

traffic in opium. Drastic measures were employed; twenty thousand cases of this contraband goods, valued at nine million dollars, were seized and poured into the river. This fanned into flame the already strong sentiment ainong "fire-eaters," which brought on the "'Opium War."

It is true that other causes for this war are given, such as the arrogance of China's Government in treating rulers of other kingdoms as vassals; but as one thoughtful writer has observed: "Interest had to combine with indignation before Great Britain could be aroused to action."

That the British guns bombarded Canton for other reasons than to secure compensation for the opium destroyed, and to force the government to legalize the hitherto illicit trade, enabling Great Britain to enjoy uninterruptedly the revenue derived from this increasingly remunerative traffic, is impossible to convince the Chinese.

"Since then the importation and use of opium has increased by leaps and bounds. During the entire reign of Queen Victoria opium was exported from India at the rate of *half a ton every hour of the day and night;* almost all of which found its way to China. Half a ton of opium means about eighteen thousand ounces, sufficient to poison outright more than thirty thousand people." It is a noticeable fact that the Imperial Edict issued three quarters of a century ago, demanding its expulsion, has never been cancelled.

However, "might is right," and English commerce backed by English guns has demanded that China should keep its doors open, and become an abettor to its own ruin by continuing an iniquitous traffic.

The China problem is the center and heart of the whole matter, for India exports twelve times as much to the Far East as suffices for native consumption; hence the nearly unanimous verdict brought in by the High Commissioners in spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Is it to be wondered at if this indefeasable position of a foreign government has driven many of China's thinking men to the logical conclusion that it is the product of a questionable motive.

A letter of remonstrance drawn up and presented to the British Minister by the leading statesmen of China, in 1869, gives the public sentiment of the time. "That opium is like a deadly poison," says this official document; "that it is most injurious to mankind, and a most serious provocative of ill-feeling between the two countries, is, the writers think, perfectly well known to your Kxcellency. The officials and people of this Empire, all say that England trades in opium because she desires to work China's ruin. For, say they, if the feelings of England were genuine, since it is open to her to produce and trade in everything else, would she still insist in spreading the poison of this hurtful thing through the Empire?

"There are those who say, stop the trade by a vigorous prohibition against the use of the drug. Now, although the criminals' punishment would be of their own seeking, bystanders would not fail to say that it was the foreign merchant who seduced them to their ruin; such a course would tend to arouse popular anger against the foreigners. Others, again, suggest the removal of the prohibition against the growth of the poppy, as a temporary measure. We should thus not only deprive the foreign merchant of a main source of his profits, but we should increase our revenue to boot. We cannot say that as a last resource, it may not come to this. But we are most unwilling that such prohibition be removed; holding that a right system of government should appreciate the beneficence of Heaven and seek to remove any grievance that effects its people. To allow them to go to destruction, altho an increase of revenue may result, would provoke the judgment of Heaven and the condemnation of men."

God's mills grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. A nation may not do with impunity what

is prohibited an individual. It is neither superstition nor credulity which forces upon us the conviction that for every national sin God has a corresponding judgment. We sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. China has already cost the British Government much money and the nation many tears for the loss of sons and daughters, these alas, the innocent sufferers for righteousness sake, and thoughtful observers fear the end is not yet. Who can picture the awfulness of being arraigned at the last day before the Righteous Judge, for such a heineous crime! "Shall not the God of all the earth do right!"

Righteousness or Revenue?
England, thine the choice!
Country, dearer far than life,
Wilt thou heed the voice
Calling thee to clear thy name
From thy share in China's shame?

Righteousness or Revenue?
"Revenue," she cried:
Then the curse began to work,
China far and wide
Groaned beneath the opium blight,
Wandered farther into night.

Righteousness or Revenue?
Orientals say

"Give us Revenue" and we,
We have naught to say,
Whilst our coffers ring with gold,
Price of curse to China sold.

Righteousness or Revenue?
Ah! we watch with tears
England's opportunity,
Yet dismiss our fears,
For we feel that God will sway,
England's will the price to pay.

Righteousness or Revenue?
Awful is the choice,
Should we choose the Revenue
And despise the voice
Calling us to rise and be
Freed from Mammon's tyranny.

Righteousness whate'er the price?

May this be our choice,

Ah! may England's stalwart sons

With a clarion voice

For her stainless honor plead

Though her coffers gold must bleed.

Righteousness! This first we seek,

God in heaven hear!

When we turn us from our sin,

Thou wilt bend Thine ear,

Hear and heal and bless our land,

Make her in Thy might to stand.

Then from China's stretching shores,

Myriads yet shall stand

Clasping hands with England's sons

In the sinless land.

Use, oh God, our country, where

Opium fumes still taint the air.

Even yet shall China learn,

England can repent,

Costly though the sacrifice

She shall yet relent.

And her name or more shall be

Linked with China's misery.*

♦Miss Barber, C. M. S., Foochow.

Since the above was written the earnestly desired has taken place, and it really seems as if the British government purposed taking action for the decrease in growth and exportation of Indian opium. We hail this with delight!

It is to the honor of the United States Government that the treaty with China, whereby she bound herself to prohibit American ships carrying opium in Chinese waters, is carried out to the letter, in this instance showing respect for an Edict, which, tho long since dishonored, has never been revoked. The very use of the term *yang ten,* "foreign smoke," by the natives, stamps it as a foreign production, and it is well known even among the illiterate that the habit, which has well nigh ruined the nation, came originally from beyond the sea, and was first introduced by foreigners. It is not easy for the missionary to demonstrate the non-complicity of his own government in this nefarious business, when on the street or in the chapel it is thrown into his face that the curse of China came from *Uai kueh,* "foreign kingdom." Some native quacks concoct antiopium pills, and it is not uncommon to come

across posters with striking heading, "Remedy for foreign smoke."

Even a confiirmed opium sot is not a lover of the stuff, which, tho he loathes, yet must take when the *yin,* "craving," comes on, and from which there is no escape, except through death. A native anti-opium tract with its brief legend gives an epitome of its evils: "The evils of opium are extreme. Tobacco, if you smoke a dry pipe, requires the service of one hand, if the waterpipe, of both hands, opium enslaves the whole body. It wastes time, ruins business, and destroys the smoker and his family. Yet he is so bewitched that he does not wake up."

We have never heard of the habit being recommended by the natives; on the other hand it is always unsparingly condemned.

Before bringing this interesting investigation to a close, it will add weightily to our accumulated evidence to ask Chang Chih Tung to take the witness stand.

This sturdy old statesman in whom is combined a patriotic love for his country, with many other sterling qualities, also a spirit of progressiveness of which he has inbibed enough to make his jurisdiction worthy of imitation by the other provincial rulers, enjoys the enviable reputation for a high China official, of being comparatively poor. This in spite of the fact that he has for many years occupied the lucrative position of Hunan and Hupeh viceroyalty. His fame as an honest administrator has spread far and near. It is well known that he draws very heavily upon his private income for the purpose of furthering progressive enterprises beneficial to the people.

Touching the curse of China he gives clarion notes of warning which have "no uncertain sound." In his well-known production "Learn" he deals some masterly blows at the giant, from the pages of a short but pithy chapter on "Cast out the Poison." Lack of space forbids giving more than a few selections, tho the entire chapter is worth reproducing. His testimony is irrefutable. Listen!

"The Custom's Returns for the past few years give the value of our annual imports at eighty million *taels* and the exports at fifty million *taels.* The balance of *thirty* million *taels* represents what has been consumed in smoking the pernicious opium pipe.[1]

"Assuredly it is not foreign intercourse that is ruining China, but this dreadful poison. Oh, the grief and desolation it has wrought to our people! A hundred years ago the curse came upon us more blasting and deadly in its effects than the Great Flood or the scourge of Fierce Beasts, for the waters assuaged after nine years, and the ravages of the Man-eaters were confined to one place. Opium has spread with frightful rapidity and heart-rending results through the provinces. Millions upon millions have been

"This statement is perhaps misleading. Thirty million taels comes far short of representing the entire amount of opium consumed in China. The native production is very large, and some provinces, Kansuh in particular, export, rather than import, the drug.

struck by the plague. To-day it is running like wild-fire. In its swift deadly course it is spreading devastation everywhere, wrecking the minds and eating away the strength and wealth of its victims. The ruin of the mind is the most woful of its deleterious effects. The poison enfeebles the will, saps the strength of the body, renders the consumer incapable of performing his regular duties, and unfit for travel from one place to another. It consumes his substance and reduces the miserable wretch to poverty, barreness, and senility. Unless something is done to arrest this awful scourge in its devastating march, the Chinese people will be transformed into satyrs and devils! This is the present condition of our country.

"The Chinese government formerly prohibited the use and importation of opium under penalty of death, but the prohibition was of no avail. It was said that the curse came from Heaven, and the efforts of men to escape it would be futile. In these days we look upon the case differently.. . . . With such attractive objects of knowledge held out to our people, such as the study of the heavens and the earth and all therein, under modern appliances, who would elect to change the day into night (as the wretched opium smoker does) and spend his whole life on a divan, by a lamp, sucking a filthy opium pipe? . . . Many thoughtful Chinese are apprehensive that opium will finally extirpate the race, and efforts are being made to mitigate the curse. Anti-opium societies have been formed. . . . The members of these societies pledge themselves to refrain from the use of the drug and to exercise their power and influence in repressing the habit in others. . . .

"In the provinces of China, societies for the promotion of learning have been extensively formed. We suggest an anti-opium annex to these bodies with strict rules forbidding admission to all opium smokers under forty years of age. What grand results would follow if each household, each village, and each institution of learning in the Empire, would discountenance the use of opium! Then would the winter of our distress be made glorious summer by the coming of better times for China.

"Now is the time for action. Confucius says, 'Know what shame is and you will not be far from heroism;' and Mencius, 'If one has not the sense of shame, in what can he be equal to other men?'

"All the countries of the world recoil with disgust at the idea of smoking this vile, ill-smelling, poisonous stuff. Only our Chinese love to sleep and eat with the deadly drug, and in the deadly drug we are self-steeped, seeking poverty, imbecility, death, destruction. In all her history China has never been placed in such frightful circumstances. From these we might be delivered if Confucius and Mencius could live again to teach the Chinese a proper sense of shame, and inaugurate a better condition of things for our country now under the power of this awful curse."

Some of his premises as to expulsive methods to be employed, may seem to us erroneous; otherwise nothing can be more convincing than this stirring appeal from the very heart of this Grand Old Man of China.

Listen now to the plaintive remonstrance from China's mothers. "We women made a public statement," wrote the despairing wives and mothers, "afflicted and distressed we hasten to pour out a mournful complaint. Bowing down, we beg that regulations may be established for the prohibition of opium in the villages.

"When, in youth, we went to the homes of our husbands, we did not suffer cold and hunger. But from the time our husbands and sons smoked opium, the children that were dressed—our sons in red, our daughters in green—in the twinkling of an eye came to rags. Ornamental halls and grand houses all vanished in smoke. Those who before protected their families are themselves reduced to the appearance of beggars. The beds have no coverlets; the household utensils contain no food. Hungry, there is nothing to eat; cold, there are no clothes to wear. The fault is surely with opium. In our distress it is difficult to give expression to the feelings that rend the breast. *There is no tear we shed that is not red with blood."*

Spasmodic local attempts have been and are being made all over China, by patriotic officials, for the purpose of limiting the ravages of opium, but no general concerted action has been taken thus far.[1]

The ominous prophecy uttered by some of China's far-seeing statesmen thirty-seven years ago, is being rapidly fulfilled. Native opium bids fair to supplant in a very short time the Indian production.

The poppy field is a familiar sight throughout China, and the very best soil is devoted to the noxious plant. When asked for a reason, the farmer usually replies that in spite of a high tax on opium, it pays much better than raising cereals.

Japan is a constant testimony to what legislation and public sentiment can accomplish; the law against opium in Japan is both "prohibitive" and "effective." The recent Philippine Opium Commission has brought some very interesting information to light. Japan has profited by China's sad experience, and heeded the warning in time. Even the Chinese of Formosa, since Japan gained control of the island, are being gradually brought into line. For a Japanese to indulge would mean social ostracism, even tho he might escape (which is unlikely) the clutches of the law.

To prove that the legislation in Japan against opium is not only "prohibitive" but "effective," and is enforced indiscriminately on all, foreign and native, the Commission records an authenticated case of a Chinese compradore who resigned his lucrative position in Kobe and returned to China, simply because he could not live without opium, which was not procurable in Japan.

If nipped in the bud, China could have attained the same good results of prevention as Japan. But now? Alas! what effective measures can be proposed which will successfully combat and eventually eradicate the evil?

The enormity of the disaster which effects the entire nation, and immediately fully one half of China's millions—direct or indirect victims of opium—is finally arousing China to action. That

'Since penning the above we have rejoiced to hear that an Imperial Anti-opium Edict has been issued. It is quoted verbatim in another part of this book.



A LHASA WOMAN. SHE IS THE WIDOW OF NOGA (.NOAH), THE MOHAMMEDAN GUIDE WHO MADE SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS ON MISS TAYLOR'S LIFE WHILE ON HER PERILOUS JOURNEY TO TIBET.

one half of the adults of China are addicted to the vice, taking it in some form, is, we believe, a conservative estimate.

The present rank and file of the army, which is being rapidly transformed into a well-drilled and organized force, are all supposed to be nonusers, and the prohibition is becoming increasingly strict. But the large majority of China's officials, whose comparative opulence enable them to indulge with impunity, spend most of their leisure moments, and even official hours to the neglect of their duties, in company with their beloved pipes.

If an habitual smoker happens to arrive at an age beyond the average of his "companions in misery," he usually sinks into a state of imbecility, and premature senility. The dose must gradually be increased in quantity in the case of a confirmed "sot" so as to gain the desired effect.

The word of an opium fiend is not to be trusted even under oath. Opium not only impairs a person's physical and mental make-up, so as to render him unfit for any important duty, except when the craving is satisfied, but is also an effectual destroyer of character. When the slave of the opium pipe awakes (as sometimes happens) to consciousness, and realizes his bondage, he finds that his will power is gone, and he will fail, should he attempt to break off; hence the many disappointments we experience when we try to help those whose moral stamina is gone.

China's professional beggars, and of such there is a large number throughout the cities, in various stages of decay, are either themselves habitual opium fiends or children of such. The current proverb says that everything disappears into the orifice of the pipe; houses and lands, business and reputation, all go the same way, finally even wife and children, and the clothes on his back; all are sold in order to feed an insatiable appetite.

Opium has also become a panacea for all the "ills to which flesh is heir." Many begin, and this is especially true of the women, by taking a small dose to alleviate temporary pain; unconsciously a craving is developed, and the poison must cater to a more serious disease. A certain district in the south of this province is threatened with extinction, so general is the cultivation and use of opium. I have never met a non-smoker from Wen Hsien, and their condition is so bad that it has become proverbial throughout Kansuh—"eleven out of every ten smoke it."

Almost every home having some devotee of the pipe, the drug is a constant menace to all the members of the family. Opium suicides are very numerous. Even mere infants are brought to the missionaries for treatment. The unguarded child swallows a portion, when perhaps the parents are under its baneful influence, and when consciousness finally returns, it is too late to save the victim of their criminal carelessness. During our first years of missionary work in Kansuh we were called upon to treat many opium suicides, and some of the scenes can never be forgotten.

An inn-keeper's young wife, in consequence of a quarrel with her opium smoking husband, swallowed the deadly poison, but had hardly committed the deed before she repented. It was pitiful to see her and to hear the incessant cries of her three little children. All their known methods to effect the expulsion of the poison were employed, including swallowing the warm blood of a chicken; even the foreigners were applied to for the prescription of an effective antidote. She recovered, and the travellers went on the following morning, but the incident is vividly remembered.

One a week, was the average of opium suicides to which we were called during our stay in Min cheo, and ninety per cent, were treated successfully. But sometimes we were sent for too late, and the poison had already done its deadly work.

I remember being called to the Min cheo *yamen* at midnight a week or two after our arrival, and I was involuntarily made to witness a gruesome spectacle. The *tai tai's* waiting-maid had been taking opium, and when every expedient had failed, while waiting for the foreigner to come, as a last resort they had smeared damp clay on her chest. There she lay on the bare ground, without even the excuse of a mat, in the middle of the court; the upper part of the body exposed to the gaze of the vile crowd of "hangers on" at the *yamen.* Soon the spirit took its flight, and another Chinese soul had passed out into eternal darkness; of which the darkness of that night and the awful scene seemed a fortaste. When she was about to expire she had been roughly dragged from the *kang* in her room, for fear the spirits (of which the Chinese are supposed to possess at least three) at time of dissolution might linger about and afterwards haunt the place. Surely the "tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

Much more could be written on the evils of opium, but we forbear, and leave the readers of this sketch with the burning words of a very zealous anti-opium advocate.

"In 1863 the President of the United States proclaimed four million slaves free! Would that the slaves of opium, at this time fully ten times that number, could be emancipated by the stroke of a pen!! During seventy years what gigantic evil has foreign civilization wrought in this great land!!!"

THE VENERABLE SOCIETY OF ELDER BROTHERS

ARECENT revival of Ko Lao Huei-ism in Min cheo and district has suggested and furnished some of the material for this sketch.

This outbreak, which in its incipiency had all the characteristics of a local rebellion, not only menaced all law-abiding folk, but threatened ruin to our mission work; hence the appropriateness of touching upon the subject here. An exhaustive study of this and allied themes, which come under our observation in China, would constitute a work of no mean proportions; so it must be left for some one of greater ability and with more opportunity and leisure for research, than the writer possesses.

Chinese social life is thoroughly honey-combed with secret socities, and their number is "legion." Next to officialdom and official corruption, which, by the way, is perhaps largely responsible for the existence of many of these societies, they have been and still are the greatest pest in this hoary empire. Perhaps it is the only way in which the populace can counteract, if not check the rapaciousness of extortionate officials. All secret societies are strongly denounced by the central government, and with good reason, for they are anti-dynastic as well as anti-foreign. *Sao Tsing mieh Yang,* "sweep away Tsing (present dynasty) and exterminate the foreigners;" is the slogan of many of them.

The Chinese are unquestionably the most gregarious of all people, and it is not to be wondered at if societies, not a few, exist throughout the eighteen provinces. Some of these are formed purely for the purpose of mutual protection and benefit, such as the *Lien chuang Huei,* "United Village Association," in which villagers combine against robbers; and since it disclaims any political motives, is not only countenanced but even assisted by local officials.

It is not uncommon to see the skull of a sheep hanging on the wall of a village temple, on which are written the names of many of the local landowners. They have combined for the purpose of seeing justice done among themselves, and feasted on a sheep as a sign of good-will, preserving the sheep's skull as a memento of the occasion. If the cattle of one villager tresspasses on and does damage to the crops of another, the guilty party is amenable to this voluntary tribunal and must abide by its decisions. This is the origin of *Yang teo Huei,* "Sheep's Head Society."

But the large majority of secret societies are influenced by more sinister motives, and of these there are many varieties in various stages of development and activity. The project of ultimately overthrowing the reigning dynasty is still entertained, and as a means to this end they are continually involving China with the foreign powers, by stirring up anti-foreign mobs and perpetrating fearful atrocities. It is believed that the extinction of the "Pure Dynasty" was the original intention of the Boxers—a progeny of the "Great Sword Society"—as well as incidentally cherishing the notion of being able to expel the hated foreigners from the "Middle Kingdom." To this society—*I Ho Chuan,* "Fists of Righteousness and Harmony," or better known as Boxers,—were joined in the heyday of its prosperity many "birds of a feather." One is amazed at the adroitness of China's present rulers. Not only did they gain complete control of this fanatical movement, and succeeded in eliminating one of its avowed intentions—overthrow of the dynasty—but by putting themselves at the head of it, brought about a concentration of Boxer energy for the destruction of the "Ocean men."

It is only lack of rapid communication which has hindered formidable local rebellions, born of

some secret society, from becoming as comprehensive as the empire; for courageous leaders who could efficiently control such a movement have not been wanting.

No wonder the "Yellow Peril" bogey, and fanciful spectres somewhat resembling the immense hordes which attended Attila and Tamarlane, are disturbing the sleep of Czar and Kaiser. Given the leaders; a well drilled army with foreign weapons, and employing foreign tactics, rapid means of transit; and the four hundred million of this homogeneous race could well defy the world.

"The Brethren of the Red Lotus Society," *U Wei Chiao;* "Do Nothing Sect;" "The Yellow Lotus Society;" the "Great Sword Society;" the "Littie Knife Society;" the "White Lotus Sect;" the "Six Times Sect;" the "Ritualists;" and the "Triad;"—the latter has existed in South China ever since the Taiping Rebellion, flourishing spasmodically—these are only specimens of a host of others, which the limited size of this book forbids even mentioning.

Sects and societies should not be confounded, tho both are more or less influenced by religious ideas; however, in the case of the latter political aims predominate. The sectaries have been called "Seekers after God," and there may be some truth in the assertion, for they seem to be the "only sinners of China." The creeds and religious fancies of the sectaries embrace a medley of Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism, and anything else of a religious nature which has originated among the Orientals. Both sects and secret societies are equally proscribed and under the ban of the Empire.

The pretensions of the *Peh Lien Chiao,* "White Lotus Sect," have been brought to the attention of the writer on account of some atrocities perpetrated near Tih tao some years ago. This sect is specially under the ban of the law, on account of its heretical teachings, but much more because of its promiscuous and secret gatherings. It gained an infamous reputation in this vicinity; for its recognized leaders pretended to possess the power of transferring people, for a monetary consideration, from earthly to celestial habitations. The candidate for heavenly mansions, after having paid his fee—several thousand copper coins— was placed upon a moveable platform, cut out to resemble the emblem of their society,—the Lotus —and this being worked by a mechanical device, would, according to his foolish expectations, transfer him from a tiresome mundane existence. But instead of ascending as he seemed to, he was precipitated through the Lotus device to a recess underneath the floor, where horrible *dictu!* the victim was, in order to perpetuate the fraud, done to death by the conjuror's accomplices. It is said that the fraud was not exposed until several had been dispatched in this way, whose bodies were finally recovered.

Next to secret societies are the "guilds," *Huei Kuan,* which are in high favor with the Chinese. These might compare favorably with the clubs and club houses of Western countries, with the difference that Chinese guilds are composed of strangers from the same province residing abroad for mercantile or official purposes. Very recently the utility of these guilds has been demonstrated, and the Westerner has been edified in observing such guilds taking concerted political action with the view of bringing pressure to bear upon the central government, in behalf of their respective provinces. The various guilds of Shanghai have been heard from very loudly within the last two or three years.

The guild is also a kind of Mutual Benefit Association for provincials, who as strangers combine for fellowship and mutual aid.

Of all clannish people, the Scottish not excluded, the Chinese are supremely so; for *Laokia* is still

"Old Home" to them, tho removed from it in distance thousands of *U,* and in time hundreds of years. To our respectful inquiry of some well-known resident regarding the location of his "honorable palace," it is quite possible that he will mention some city of a far-away province. It transpires upon closer questioning that some distant ancestors — a-great-great-grandfather— one or two hundred years ago migrated, possibly on account of local flood or famine. The family have never returned, and all communication is severed; but it is still reckoned as *Laokia,* and your guest will draw Utopian pictures of this spot which he has never seen, and never expects to see. Such is Chinese pride of place!

The Celestial is so far lacking in what might among civilized nations be considered a modern liberal education, that the evolution of the political "ring," "machine," or "boss" is yet in the future. However, "combinations," "unions," and "monopolies" are not unknown factors to him, and even the traditional "boss" of the West —apart from the political use of the term— might find his counterpart in the unprincipled, black-mailing demagogue of China. He usually carries around the subscription list for the erection of temples, and knows how to intimidate into compliance those who at first refuse to give. As head carpenter of a city he usually collects a fee for every house erected in the place, and in his capacity as the recognized head of the ignoble brotherhood of thieves, lives in style and luxury on the revenue brought by his subordinates; spending his leisure in black-mailing unoffending folk, and fraternizing with *yamen* underlings and city watchmen, whom he must bribe in order to remain unmolested in his chosen vocation.

If the "boss," tho not in every respect synonymous with the above delineated character, yet performs much the same office, then one need not go very far even in China in order to find him.

"Trade Unions" are common enough, tho minus the familiar figure of Western countries—the travelling secretary, salaried agitator and "walking delegate." The periodical strikes of wheelbarrow and riksha men have made it very uncomfortable for the cosmopolitan dwellers of Shanghai and other ports.

Monopolies are not unknown. Woe to the raftsmen who should have the temerity to try to pass a raft of lumber below the bridge opposite this city, for the purpose of disposing of it at the provincial capital or the nearer markets below Tih tao. It is to be feared that he would be literally torn to pieces by the carters and lumbermerchants of Tih tao lumber yards, who would combine to resist to the utmost any infraction upon their self-asserted rights. Similar cases*ad infinitum,* could be mentioned. Instead, we turn after this digression to the subject of the *Ko Lao Huci* and its renascence in Min cheo.

The situation during the winter of 1903-1904 had become serious. The "Gospel Hall" having been without a residing missionary ever since the exodus of the foreigners in 1900, one of the brethren from Tao cheo came occasionally to look after the work. But it began to be too hot even for the missionary, who was referred to in ambiguous terms by well-known Ko Lao Huei-ites. The officials, as usual, did -Tfpthing; inoffensive people* were blackmailed, and 6f all classes some were**pexsltaded into becoming members of the society. Many means were adopted in order to secure for it a large following, and even some who were not sympathizers in heart, were intimidated into joining the majority. Young men who had gotten into some scrape, or in debt on account of the Chinese besetting sin—gambling —were promised immunity from justice, if they joined; for no one dared to put forth a money claim against an acknowledged member of the society. It became so bad finally that the native Christian and known sympathizers of the foreigners were compelled to flee to

Tao cheo. Just then, when it was on the point of breaking out into violent activity, the provincial government bestirred itself, and took some stock in the seriousness of the situation as it was presented to them.

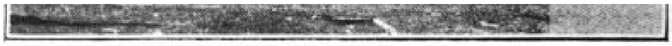
A fearless official, accustomed to dealing with the lawless *Pan Fan tsi,* "half Tibetans" on the border, was sent to Min cheo with authority to deal with the Ko Lao Huei with a strong hand. He came none to soon, for the country was already in a state bordering on rebellion, and the lawless element was only too ready to satisfy their thirst for blood and loot. Unrestrained licence to rob and murder, as well as unlimited opportunity to wreak vengeance upon officials and foreigners were some of the inducements held out to joiners of the Ko Lao Huei.

By speedily arresting and summarily executing the leaders of the society, Chang Ta ren—the new official—was able to stifle the threatened outbreak. Such as were fleeing from the city were pursued and shot down, or speared without mercy. *Peng Ma tsi,* "Peng, the pock-marked," a noted leader, who also held office as a small military official, and whose complicity in the conspiracy was unquestionable, was entrapped and brought to the *yamen.* None of the common executioners dared to lay hands on him; and so it became necessary for the chief secretary of the civil *yamen* and another military official to strangle him with their own hands.

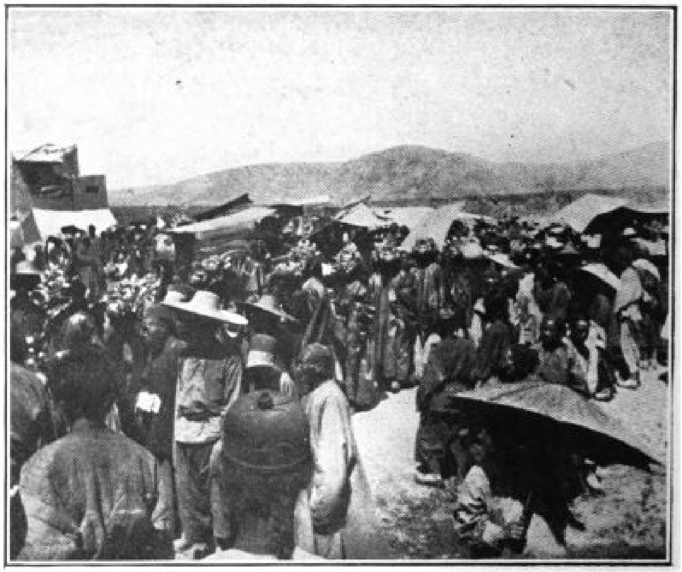
These drastic measures of disposing of the criminals, and especially the notorious leaders without much preliminary examination, were unavoidable at a time when it was feared that very little would be needed to light the flames of rebellion.

The method was salutary; the name of Chang Ta ren became a terror to evil doers; the *Fuh yin Tang* gained a stronger influence in the place; and when our large party of Kansuh missionaries arrived in Min cheo the following summer, they were received with almost official honors. Several prominent members of the society who saved their lives only by the payment of large sums of money as bribes, have become fast friends of the foreigners, and some are even inquirers into the truth which was formerly despised.

Thus again it has been brought to pass that, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee; the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain."



"LEANING TOWER" OF TIH TAO.



RELIGIOUS MASQUERADE.

IX

THE "CELESTIAL" EMPIRE IN TRANSITION

ONE of the landmarks around Tih tao is an old pagoda[1] standing on a conspicuous eminence just outside the East Gate. This relic from a former dynasty, besides being in the usual state of dilapidation, presents the unusual appearance of decidedly leaning towards the North.

Even a superficial investigation of the foundation reveals the fact that it was not the intention of the architect to reproduce in China the famous "Leaning Tower."

It is simply a case demonstrating the unstability of all mundane things, and in particular such as have been made or marred by man. Some day this ancient structure, like many others of its kind, will topple over, and "great will be the fall

'The pagoda is a very familiar object in the Far East. As regards utility, except as it furnishes lodging for the "birds of the air," its value is nil. As a piece of picturesque architecture it can hardly be equalled. The weary traveller knows that his destination is not far off when he spies this landmark, erected near every city of importance. The many conflicting traditions relative to its origin and superstitious uses, make the investigator despair of ever arriving at the precise truth. The building of pagodas or temples are works of merit, hence many such, reflect great credit upon the communities and individuals, where they exist. It might be interesting for the archaeologist to trace its connection, if any, to the Tower of Babel.

thereof." Woe then to the little group of temples in the gully below! Not only the buildings, but also the newly painted and gilded idols within, are in great danger of being reduced to their original elements.

Thus the social structure of the Empire is tottering; its many cherished customs and practices —the

heritage of a hoary past—are being summarily disposed of.

The fact that China is finally waking up is too evident to require demonstration. The immediate causes leading to reform have been exhaustively dealt with by many well known authorities on things Chinese.

But many of the irreconcilable reactionaries, who are still living in the "Golden Age" of the past, not only themselves persist in shutting their eyes, but would fain have others remain in the same condition of blindness. Spasmodic outbreaks against the real friends of the Empire, no matter whether these promoters of progress are native or foreign, shows that the conservative element is not altogether extinct, but only dormant while waiting for an opportune moment to make use of hostile weapons.

And many servants of the "Son of Heaven,"[1] who are fairly launched upon this, to them uncertain enterprise, having already been compelled

to embark upon the "ship of state" would gladly, as a distinguished China missionary has expressed it, "desert and go ashore if there were any shore."

Within a short time reform edicts and proclamations *ad infinitum* have succeeded one another with amazing rapidity; so much so that even the most progressive are at times bewildered. Reform is stalking about, and like Talus with the iron flail, demolishing without compunction everything ancient and venerable which China possesses.

With a few strokes with her "vermilion pencil" the Empress Dowager abolished forever the ancient system of competitive examinations. Elegantly finished essays made up *in toto* of quotations from the Classics, no longer suffice to produce "Flower of Talent" (1st degree), "Promoted Scholar" (2d degree), or "Fit for Office" (3d degree). These are the first rounds in the literary ladder which lead to distinction and emolument.

The old fogies, who, like their predecessors

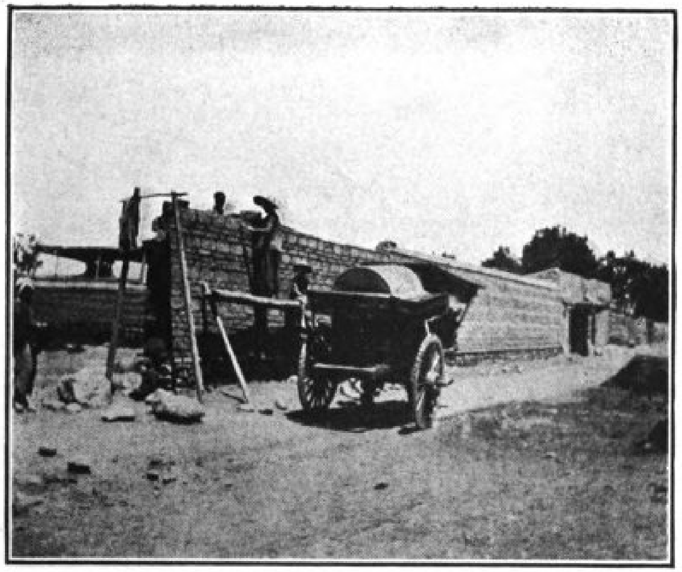
through thousands of years, have buried them

'The Emperor of China is styled "Son of Heaven," and practically regarded as a most powerful deity by the ignorant majority. The common people beheld their Emperor when fleeing from Peking in 1900, but previous to that time he was rigidly secluded from the vulgar gaze.

selves among the dusty tomes of Confucius, or rather of his numerous interpreters, find it difficult to return to the present, after living in, and dreaming of the past. Their younger literary brethren, tho much more susceptible to the spirit of reform, are almost as perplexed; especially those who are, on account of the age limit, practically debarred from competition, and perforce must drop out of the race. China's students and officeless scholars are proverbially poor. Very few could afford to pursue their studies in the newly opened schools for higher learning, if deprived of the small stipend which is granted by the government to a limited number, who excel and are below the specified age. In the case of scholars who have attained to the first round of the ladder, that of "Budding Talent," the age is fixed at twenty-five and under; presumably for the purpose of combining in the new regime of learning, youthful vigor with excellence of scholarship.

The school-boy who commences his literary career with the well-worn tho rather atheistic formula "In the beginning man," beholds mercilessly hacked to pieces the ladder by means of which, he hoped some day to attain to some lucrative eminence.

No wonder "What next?" is the oft expressed



NORTH CHINA CART AND MASONS BUILDING WALL AROUND TIH TAO MISSION PROPERTY.



GIVING INSTRUCTION IN "GUEST-ROOM." KEO SIEN-SENG AND THE "FOREIGN TEACHER."

and as often implied, tho unexpressed, query of the native.

Very recently there appeared in this city posted up in various conspicuous places, an admonitory proclamation against foot-binding; setting forth in detail its many disadvantages; its injurious effects upon the nation; and in closing, the "obedient subjects of the Emperor" were earnestly exhorted to abolish this cruel and barbarous custom. Such advice emanates from the "Fu-mu Kuan,"[1] and is addressed to his "dear children."

"'Fu-mu Kuan," literally meaning "father-mother ruler," is the title which is bestowed upon the

chief magistrate by his people. His rightful claim to such an honor on the score of beneficial and righteous rule, is, with rare exceptions, questionable. Very often his rapacity is an exhibition of proverbial "tiger" nature.

In the case of a good magistrate it is the custom of the people upon his departure to present him with a pair of new boots, this being an intimation that he is to leave his old ones. These are deposited in a cage which is hung within the city gate. The number of such holders with boots in them indicates how many good rulers have had control of the city government within a reasonable time.

Among his many other duties the "big man" holds the position of mayor of the city, chief justice (without the justice), superintendent of schools, and in his capacity as high priest, or pontiff, officiates at all the important sacrificial ceremonies. Custom and the duties of his office compel him, as the exponent of China's Triad of religions, to do obeisance periodically to the chief deities of the city. Hence he becomes a veritable religious triangle; the Taoist and Buddhist as well as Confucian temples reaping the benefit of this compulsory religious zeal.

The Chinese who are apt imitators, now, when finally aroused from their long sleep, are rushing pell-mell into reform. It seems as if they were trying to outdo each other in their adoption of Western methods; as witness their recent measures of retaliation, viz., boycott of American goods; the periodical coolie strikes in Shanghai, and monster demonstrations in the same city, carried on with all the enthusiasm and speechifying common among Occidentals on such occasions.

Broken agreements are not only less creditable to the nation, which refuses to employ foreign capital for its many railway enterprises, but is proof of a very short-sighted policy. We hail with delight the renascence of patriotism in China, but many other alarming symptoms in the body politic move China's most sanguine well-wisher with dire forebodings.

Occasionally attempts to Westernize the Celestial are not only premature, but too radical to meet with success. Only the other day the regiment of "braves" stationed at the capital of this province received peremptory orders from the viceroy to cut off their queues.[1] This was too much for even Celestial good nature to endure. The average unenlightened native would just as soon think of going without his clothes as to appear minus this appendage. Altho headshaving and hair-braiding, among the male population of China, is comparatively an innovation, being of much more recent origin than many other usages, yet his queue has become an integral part of him, and he recognizes himself, so to speak, by means of it.

Force of habit has made the queue seem indispensable to the Chinese, and they are even proud of it.

The soldiers of Lan cheo absolutely refused to comply with the viceroy's wishes: at the same time, giving their commanding officer the alternative of joining them in an insurrection against the viceroy, should he attempt to enforce the order, or being done to death by his own troops, should he try to carry out the command. The report had spread abroad that the viceroy had become a foreigner.

The poor military commandant in this dilemma of being ground between the upper and nether millstones, despairing of a plan to extricate himself, chose the only other alternative which remained, and swallowed gold.

'The practice of shaving the head and wearing the queue was introduced into China by the first Emperor of the present dynasty less than three hundred years ago. It was at first a galling yoke of bondage as 9 sign of subjection to their Manchu conquerors.

His sudden death and the causes leading to suicide have created a sensation at the capital. The queue-cutting command has been rescinded for the present. But who can be quite sure that this is the end of the affair? The soldiers having gained the day, have come to realize the existence of a hitherto latent power, and it may be as difficult to bring them to terms another time.

The more rational method would have been the transferring temporarily of a Kansuh regiment to a province where queue-cutting is in vogue, so as to gradually accustom the soldiers to the practice.

The legend of the untimely end of "the man who tried to hustle the East" is well known to the Westerner who resides in the Orient. It follows from what has just been related that not even their own officials can do so with impunity.

China is at the present time like an infant in that interesting state of development, when, with varied success and experiences, it makes frantic efforts to walk without props.

It remains to be seen how it will succeed.

X

ROOF OF THE WORLD

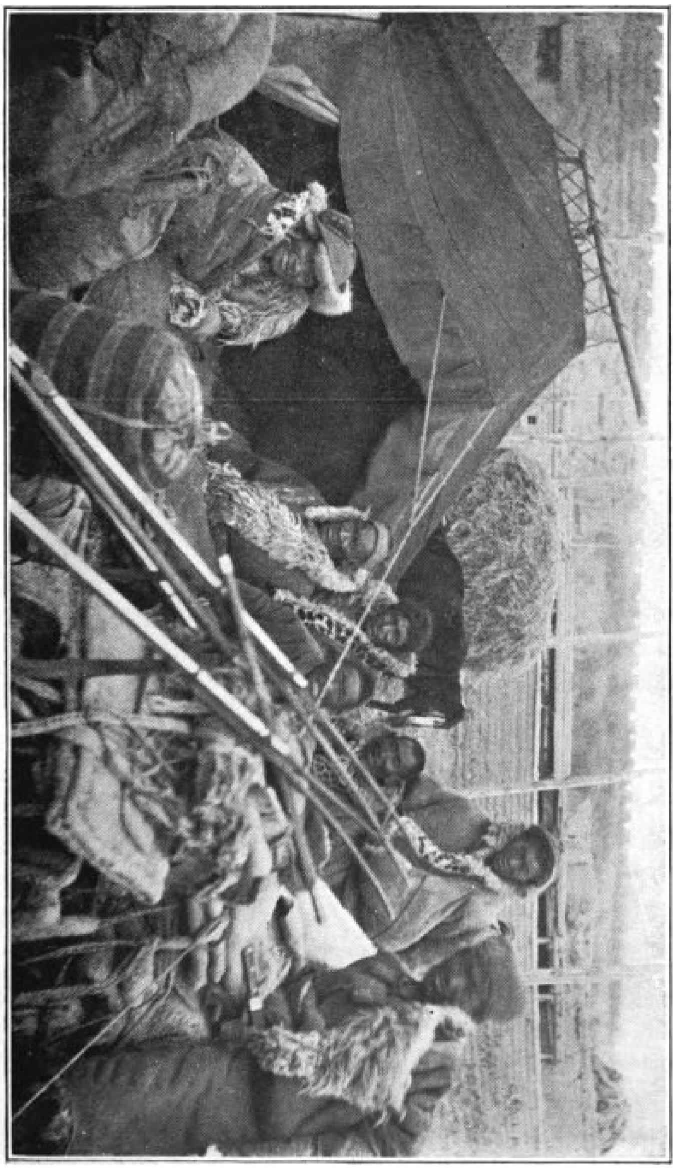
ASIA, the "birthplace of mankind," and the "cradle of civilization," comes far short of fulfilling the expectations of sanguine optimists. That "it hardly presents a happy appearance" is the candid statement of one of its prominent modern historians. Its three widespread religions, Brahmanism, Buddhism and Mohammedanism, to which might be added the materialistic philosophy of Eastern Asia— Confucianism,—have during millenniums enslaved its unfortunate adherents, and put forth an effectual bar to progress. In fact the explorer and archaeologist draws the conclusion from history and still existing ruins of temples, palaces and monumental edifices, that a past inherent civilization was far in advance of the present.

"The above mentioned creeds by their effects, as now prevailing, obscure the reason, dampen the aspirations, and deaden the energies of the people."

"Weighed in the scales of modern civilization she (Asia) is found practically wanting; viewed in the light of religion and reason she is incapable of self-elevation. She is in short unable to attain moral or spiritual enlightenment by any striving of her own, or to propel herself onward in the path of progress by spontaneous energy. Decrepitude has long been stealing over her and old age has supervened; without any future in hopeful prospect, unless she shall be amenable to external influences."[1] Tibet, or as it is more correctly designated by its own people, Bodyul, lies in the very center of this mighty continent. It can be justly called the "Roof of the World," for this tremendous tableland, which ranges in altitude from eleven thousand to seventeen thousand feet above sea-level, is enclosed by the largest mass of rocks in the world. On the south it is fenced in by the Himalayas,[1] which boasts the highest mountain peak in the world, and contains many others between twenty thousand and twenty-eight thousand feet. Aloag the eastern border is the extensive Yun Ling mountain range of China; in the north the Kuen Luen range; and in the west, it is bordered by the Karakorum mountains which join

'"Asia," Standford's Compendium of Geography and Travel.

"Perhaps more corectly "Himalias." It might be interesting to trace the derivation of "Himmel," which in some European languages me.ans heaven.



TIBETANS OF THE DROKWA TRIBE.

the Himalayan ranges in the south. This vast plateau is three times the size of France and has an area of nearly seven hundred thousand square miles. It is almost as cold as Siberia, tho Lhasa is in the same latitude as New Orleans. It experiences tremendous atmospheric changes; the thermometer in some places showing 120 deg. F. at midday, and sinking to below zero at night.

On this plateau and its continuations are to be found the sources of some of the largest rivers in the world, including the Ganges, Brahmaputra and Indus of Hindustan, and the Yellow and Yangtse rivers of China. The population of Tibet, scattered over this immense country, is variously estimated at four, five or six millions. Such sparse population is due largely to the sterility and bleakness of the land. The large number of celibate monks —out of three sons in a Tibetan family at least one is dedicated to the priesthood—combined with a system of polyandry which prevails in some sections, and the almost general low tone of morality are also contributing causes.

Tibet is usually divided by geographers into three sections, viz., Greater Tibet, Tibet Proper or Inner Tibet and Little Tibet. These are further subdivided so that to Greater Tibet or the Eastern section belong the two provinces of Amdo and Kham. Tibet Proper, which occupies the center, is

made up of the two provinces We and Tsang; Lhasa being the capital of the former, and Shigatze chief city of the latter. Little Tibet, to the west of Tibet Proper, is composed of several provinces, the chief of which are Lahoul and Ladak. The largest city in the whole country, Lhasa, "Habitation of the gods," has a population of only fifteen thousand.

The country, notwithstanding a certain more or less real autonomy, is, in all its foreign relationships controlled by Chinese diplomacy. An *Amban,* or Chinese minister, residing at Lhasa, controls, subject to Imperial Edicts, the internal affairs of the country.

The natives of Kham and Amdo are indirectly, through their chiefs, governed by the viceroys of Szechuen and Shen-Kan respectively. These native chiefs, of which there are as many as seventy-two in Kansuh alone, exercise hereditary rights, and are often very despotic in their rule over the *Fan-tsi,* "Tibetans," and *Tu-ren,* "Aborigines," who dwell in the province and on the border. Of these by far the most powerful is the Prince of Chone; who exercises authority over forty-eight clans of *Fantsi,* numbering in all seventy or eighty thousand people. He is, for all practical purposes, independent, receiving taxes in money or kind from his people, without having to pay any tribute to the Chinese Emperor. The only obligation devolving upon him being a guarantee to supply a certain number of troops in case of Moslem rebellion or the invasion of hostile tribes.

However, in recent years the neighboring Chinese mandarins have been unmercifully bleeding the present chief of Chone, who is but an unprincipled boy. The constant troubles between Chinese and Tibetans give the former many occasions, when hard up for money, to supply themselves from this never-failing source, and a systematic method of squeezing, facilitated by means of intimidation, is the result.

The whole country of Tibet, besides being politically united, is further unified by bonds of race and religion. The entire population belongs to the Mongolian branch of the human family, and Buddhism is universal among them.

The *Bon* is the ancient religion of Tibet, and its exponents, the *Bonpa,* are still to be found in Eastern Tibet, tho as compared with Buddhist priests, in a very small minority. They are easily recognized from the others, since their hair is never cut, but arranged on the top of the head like a turban; they also marry and rear families; hence are called heretics by the orthodox party. The practice of magic, incantations and necromancy are part of their worship; they are also said to be fireworshippers, and altho using the prayer-wheel, turn it in the opposite than prescribed direc*tion. This is especially offensive to a Buddhist priest.

Tibet became long ago the very center of the Buddhist world, altho Buddhism was not introduced until the seventh century of the present era. Tradition mentions a native king, the founder of Lhasa in 617 A.D., who, having married a Chinese princess, sent to India for the Buddhist bible, causing it to be translated into the native language.

The supreme pontiff of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, which controls Tibetan Buddhists, is the Dalai Lama who usually resides at Lhasa. (He is at present a voluntary exile in Mongolia, having fled thither when the sacred city became polluted by the presence of English soldiery.)

The great reforming lama of the fourteenth century, Tsong Khaba, introduced many changes in Tibetan Buddhism; among others strictly forbidding clerical marriages and necromancy. His followers are distinguished by a yellow cap and dress, hence called *Dukpa* of "Yellow Caps"; the old unreformed party *Geltikpa,* or "Red Caps."

The natives of Bodyul are pre-eminently a commercial people. Even the chief abbots of lamaseries keep agents who do a flourishing business for them.

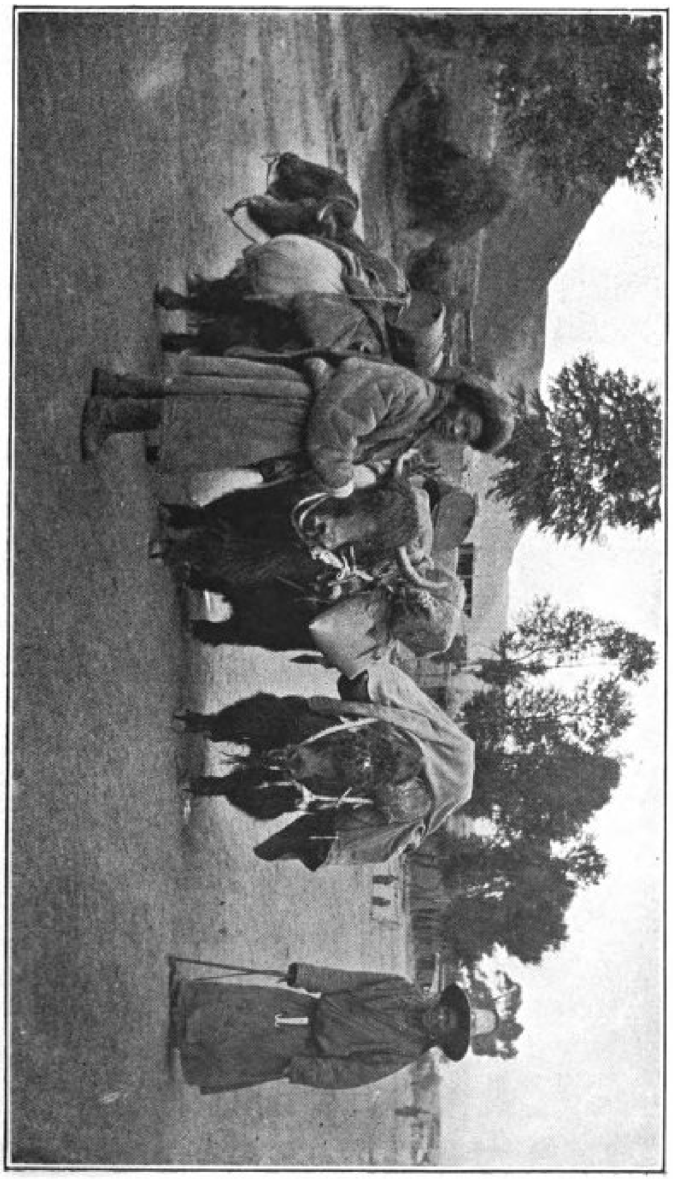
Some of the chief imports from China are silks, gold lace, tea, precious stones and carpets; from Mongolia, leather and saddlery; from India, rice, indigo, sugar, spices, etc. A few of the important exports are gold, silver, wool, furs and musk.

It has become the practice recently among the heads of the Chone monastery to enrich themselves by usury. Money is lent out at exorbitant rates, and if not paid in on the exact date, the runners of the monastery are sent to bring in the delinquents, who are tied up by their thumbs and beaten unmercifully. The power that even a common priest exercises over the superstitious laity can hardly be imagined. This influence is always utilized for their own selfish ends, and the enrichment of temples and lamaseries.

Commerce could hardly be carried on in the interior of Tibet without the *yak,* which is as indispensable to this mountain people as Is the camel to the dwellers of the desert. Its milk, rich as cream, makes excellent butter; its long hair yields wool for clothing and tents; and its huge, bushy tail is a profitable article of commerce. It is a most sure-footed beast of burden, carrying loads of two or three hundred pounds weight up the most dangerous paths, over lofty, precipitous mountains, and climbing ledges of rock where a wild goat could hardly keep its footing.

The mysteries of Tibet have fascinated some of the most prominent travellers and explorers of the past century. But only a few of the most intrepid have penetrated into the far interior, and still fewer have been left undisturbed in carrying out their scientific investigations. Several missionaries have dared to face the dangers and uncertainties of life in interior Tibet; usually with the same results, viz., loss of all their goods, eventual expulsion, and in some instances the sacrifice of life.

A little band of missionaries are at present in faith, encircling the "Closed Land." The Moravian missionaries have for almost half a century held the fort in Little Tibet, with



YAKS, THE BURDEN-BEARERS OF TIBET.

headquarters at Leh, Poo and Keylang in the province of Ladak. Christianity, as exemplified by these devoted missionaries, has not been uninfluential even upon those who will not accept it. The abbot of Keylang monastery once said to Mr. Heyde, "Your Christian teaching has given Buddhism a resurrection." The actual words were, "When you people came here, our people were quite indifferent about their religion, but since it has been attacked they have become zealous, and now *they know.*"*

Work is carried on in Greater Tibet on the Kansuh-Amdo border by the Christian and Missionary Alliance, with headquarters at Tao cheo; and also at Ta chien lu and Ba-tang on the Szechuen-Kham border by the China Inland and the Christian Church Missions. Several American-Scandinavian missionaries, and one or two representatives of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland, are laboring for Tibet's evangelization on its southern border, with headquarters at Darjeeling and Ghoom; also two Scotch sisters who are working independently in the same neighborhood. Miss Taylor is still living at Yatung, across the border, teaching and dispensing medicines.

♦"Among the Tibetans," Isabella Bird Bishop.

Gartok and Gyongtse have, by the recent British-Chinese treaty, been opened to trade on the same conditions as Yatung.

The incarnations of Buddha, the lamas, and the lower classes of the priesthood are all real enemies of the Cross. And yet the most extraordinary feature of the Tibetan Buddhist system is undoubtedly the external resemblance between its ritual and that of the Roman Catholic Church; a resemblance often extending to minutest details. It is doubtful if even a thorough research will satisfy the world as to which is the greatest debtor. It may be that they have borrowed customs which are purely heathenish from each other, on the principle of a fair exchange.

"The priests of both hierarchies wear the tonsure together with flowing robes covered with gold embroidery. They fast and mortify the flesh, observe spiritual retreats, confess the faithful, intercede for them with the saints of heaven, and make long pilgrimages to shrines where relics are devoutly preserved. Celibacy is common to both, and in the shadow of church and temple alike communities of men and women devote themselves entirely to a life of contemplation. Church and temple are in the same way furnished with high altar, candlesticks, reliquaries, holy water fonts and belfries.

"The lama, like the Roman Catholic priest and bishop, officiates with mitre and crozier, cope and dalmatica, salutes the altar, bends the knee before the relics, intones the service, recites the litanies, utters prayers in a language unknown to the congregation, solicits offerings for the repose of the faithful departed, heads the processions and pronounces blessings and exorcisms. Around him the choristers sway the incense burners and the devout tell their beads.

"The early missionaries have been struck with the outward identity of the two rituals. Some have endeavored to trace it to the early Christian church of India, with which country Tibet has had direct relations since the seventh century. But from India Tibet derived not Christianity but Buddhism, and a more probable solution may perhaps be found in the pre-Christian Zoroastrian rites, spreading east and west from Irania, and influencing the religious thought of both regions during restless periods of transition. It is curious that the name of the Persian *mitre* should survive in Roman ecclesiastical nomenclature, while the object variously modified is still in use in Latin and Greek churches as well as in Mongolian and Tibetan Buddhist temples!

"The salient features of Buddhism as originally constituted are threefold:—

1. Socially, Buddhism claims for itself superiority over worldly power; holds that religion has a first claim upon all property, and forbids caste distinctions.

2. Dogmatically, it cannot be designated as theistic, as it deifies humanity and moral ideas."[1]

Even the gods, *Lha,* according to Buddhism pure and simple, must become reincarnated as men, and then pass through the twelve stages of Buddhahood, ere they may hope to attain to the bliss of nothingness.

3. "Ethically, it teaches the vanity and emptiness of all mundane things, transmigration of the soul and its ultimate absorption in *Nirvana."*

Buddha himself, like Confucius, was personally a philosopher or expounder of an ethical code, and a mirror of virtue, not professing to be a redeemer of fallen humanity, but declaring that man can work out his own salvation.

"The Tibetan Buddhist is the most praying man alive. Even the devout Moslem is not

'"Asia."



MENDICANT PRIEST FROM THE PROVINCE OF KHAM; TRAVELLING FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCUMULATING MERIT. HE IS A BONPA, AN EXPONENT OF THE ANCIENT RELIGION IN TIBET.

in it when compared with the Buddhist. He prays with his lips, he prays with wheels turned by hand and water, by aid of beads, and by flapping pieces of cloth upon which many prayers are printed, which are attached to tall poles, that by the action of the wind these prayers may be wafted to the extinct Buddha, who is *not* in the Eternal *nowhere."*[2]

Doctor Pentecost once asked a Buddhist devotee who was vigorously turning his prayer-wheel, to

whom he was praying. His answer was: "To nobody." He then asked him for what he was praying, to which he replied, "Nothing." "If," adds the doctor, "worshipping an idol of an extinct man and making millions of prayers to nobody for nothing, can constitute a religion, then Buddhism in its popular form, is very religious."

But prayer-flags and prayer-wheels, chanting and incantations, could do nothing to withstand modern rifles and machine guns; hence the recent British expedition found it comparatively easy to secure an entrance into the "Forbidden City."

To what extent the devotees of Buddhism have been intimidated; the prestige of the exponents of Bodyul's esoteric religion dimin

"The Closed Land," Marston.

ished; and the cause of Christ advanced by this display of arms, remains to be seen.

XI

EVANGELIZING TIBETANS; HINDRANCES AND ENCOURAGEMENTS

(tt WILL never go back to the old life," was *I* part of the earnest testimony which Aku Seng-ge gave at the close of a recent Sunday morning service in Chone.

Aku♦ Seng-ge, ex-priest, and at present trusted servant of the Chone missionaries, has changed much in outward appearance as well as inwardly, since the summer of 1896 when he accompanied us on our first trip across the border.

At that time he had not been very long in the employ of the missionaries, and we were often amused at some of the doings and droll sayings of the small, prematurely aged priest, with the wrinkled face and squinting eyes. He had, moreover, in addition to being entirely devoted to Mr. Christie, the unusual reputation, which we found true in every detail, of

**Aku,* which literally means "uncle" among the Tibetans, has become the common designation for a Buddhist priest. A Tibetan layman feels very much honored, when, upon being spoken to, *Aku* is prefixed to his name.

thorough honesty. In those days he would argue warmly for the faith in which he had been brought up, and he would often get angry when worsted in argument, and when conscious of the discredit in which his religion was placed. Now he argues even more warmly for the Truth which has made him free.

He has long ago discovered that his priestly ordination vows demanding celibacy, chastity and poverty, and the two hundred and fifty Buddhist precepts and prohibitions, which every ordained priest promises to observe, had failed to purify his heart from evil thoughts, or even to rectify his conduct. But it is only recently he has been persuaded to part with the last vestige of the old life,—his priestly garments had to go, and now he dresses as one of the common people.

There are many reasons for believing that Aku Seng-ge has experienced a change of heart; he offers now, of his own accord, to hold the stirrups for a lady missionary when she mounts her horse: the very suggestion of which in the old days would have been preposterous. He has become a terror to evildoers. Lewd and indecent speaking and acting is positively prohibited among the servants in the Chone mission station, for Aku TWO BUDDHIST PRIESTS; AKU SEN-GE, PRIEST UION AND AKU SANG-JE, "THE ENLIGHTENED ONE." THE YOUNGER ONE HAS BECOME A PROFESSED CHRISTIAN.



Seng-ge considers himself a kind of steward, and he believes in strict discipline. But why has he thus far neglected the opportunities of being baptized, which would more thoroughly identify him with the church and designate him as a disciple? That is the strange part of it, and can neither be fully understood nor explained; for otherwise in witnessing for the truth, even among his former fellow-priests, he seems courageous enough.

A knowledge of certain phases of social life among Tibetans will to some extent explain the great difficulties which the missionaries encounter in their evangelization. Ostracism from family and clan is the least that a convert to Christianity may expect. Aku Sengge wrote long ago to the *Kushey,* "Living Buddha," of his monastery, whose confidential servant he had been for nine years, regarding his renunciation of Buddhism and trust in Christ as his only Saviour. But this human divinity, who has gone to Peking on official business, has thus far disdained to answer. It may be, perhaps, that he is only waiting to get the answer before he takes the step of publicly identifying himself with the people of God.

The greatest hindrance to believing the Gospel, and cutting loose from the bondage imposed upon

the people by the Buddhist hierarchy, is undoubtedly the deep-seated, and at the present time among the Tibetans, universal belief in existing reincarnations of minor Buddhas and saints. Even the more intelligent, who have discarded many of the superstitions and practices of orthodox Buddhism, still cling tenaciously to the theory of reincarnations. It is to be feared that they will cling to this to the very end, just as the strong Chinese Confucianist, tho convicted on all other points as to the superiority of Christianity, may find the accustomed rites of ancestral worship an insuperable barrier to conversion.

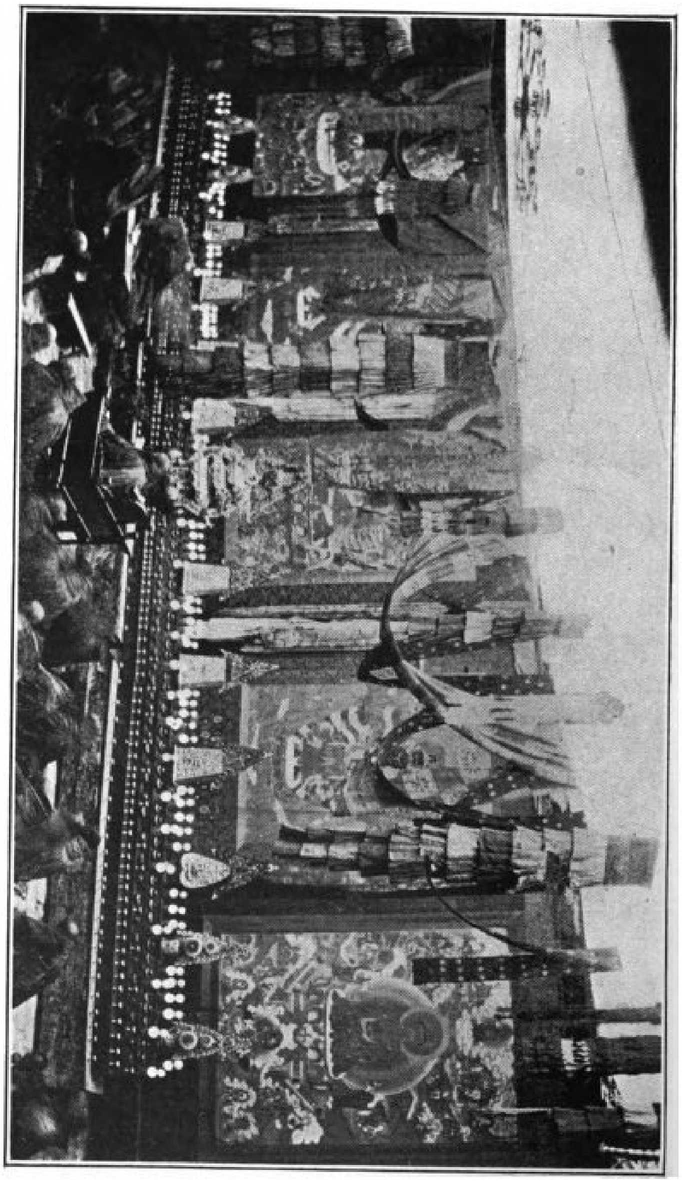
A Tibetan layman of Chone district, and head of a village, who counts himself an inquirer into the "Jesus Religion," and as far as is known, has put away all idolatrous worship, still firmly believes in the reality of reincarnanations.

The only explanation of this strange creed which has gained credence among several hundred million people, apart from perhaps threefourths which savors of humbug and charlatanism, is, that the same spiritual (or devilish) intelligence which possessed the former incumbent of the Living Buddhaship, takes possession of his successor. It is a strange, but nevertheless in many instances accredited fact, that the little child which, on account of some distinguishing physical marks found on it, is selected to succeed a deceased Living Buddha, picks out from a number of bowls—identical in size and appearance—the bowl of his predecessor, selects from a number of garments the garment which his predecessor wore, and with the same unfailing intuition chooses from many other strings of beads the string which the former Buddha had used. This unerring sagacity is of course attributed to the fact that, according to their notions of metempsychosis, the deceased and living occupants of this particular Buddhaship are one and the same person.

A system of taxation for religious purposes, levied on all the members of a clan, is another serious hindrance to Tibetans becoming professed Christians. In case of a local calamity, such as drought or pestilence, some distinguished lama is invited to come and chant, so that the calamity may be averted. All his expenses are of course paid by the clan, divided equally among its members.

Tai-ping, a *pan Fantsi,* living in a village not far from Tao cheo, Old City, was considered a couple of years ago a hopeful inquirer. An affair such as has just been mentioned took place in his village, and this would-be Christian refused, on conscientious grounds, to give his share to help "pay the piper." He persisted in his refusal tho threatened with being tied up by his thumbs and beaten to death. He yielded finally under pressure, having been beaten as much as he thought he could stand, and promised to pay. He was also forced to promise not to tell the foreigners, which promise he broke as soon as he could get away. This was a test case, the importance of which could not be very well overestimated; for if a Tibetan who becomes a Christian believer is not allowed to live in his own village, and peacefully as well as conscientiously pursue his calling, then no Tibetan would dare to profess Christianity.

Representation was made to the local officials, whose deputy arrested the culprits. The head men of the village came to *pel li,* "apologize," acknowledging their wrong and giving the usual presents to show that peace had been restored between the villagers and *Fuh yin Tang.* But one can imagine the astonishment and sadness of the brethren to learn after all was settled that the mandarin's deputy had "squeezed" ninety *taels* out of the poor villag



LAMAS OF CHONE CHANTING IN THE TEMPLE.

ers, who were compelled to go in debt to Chinese merchants in order to pay.

This Tibetan village is only fifteen *li* from Tao cheo, and the villagers dare not take vengeance, or it is to be feared that the end of the affair would not be in sight. It is almost unnecessary to state that none of the Tibetans from this village ever come near the *Fuh yin Tang.* The inquirer has not turned out very well after all; and it seems evident that to *tong kuan,* "move the official," was a great mistake, which may take years to repair. But the point which this narrative is intended to bring out, is, that the members of any Tibetan village or clan entirely lack individual religious liberty.

The assembling once a year for the purpose of worshipping the *Shan Shen,* "mountain god," is compulsory upon every householder of a village. Any absenting themselves will be heavily fined. One promising inquirer at Chone went back after being compelled to worship on this particular occasion.

The yearly *Mani Huei,* "prayer festival," is also compulsory. All the villagers must turn out on this occasion to *Churn mani,* "turn the prayer-wheel," and must also contribute to the expense of

entertaining visitors.

Another hindrance to Tibetans becoming Christians and still living among their own people, is the compulsory war service demanded of every able-bodied man in case of tribal or other internecine strife. Such would conflict with Christian conscience, for the causes which bring on such wars are often so trivial, that participation could on no account be justifiable, *e.g.*

A member of one clan stole a goat from another clan; war was precipitated and continued until *one hundred and five* participants on both sides were slain. This sanguinary conflict was suppressed finally only by the interference of Imperial troops.

In case of husbandmen, they *kan rih tsi,* "divine the time" for plowing, sowing, reaping and carting in the harvest. This would conflict with the conscience of a Christian, in case the "lucky day" for beginning such operations should fall on the Sabbath. And if a Christian should refuse to cart in his harvested grain on the auspicious day, the neighbors, after carting in their own crops, would drive their cattle into his field, and he could claim no compensation for the destruction of his crops. These are actual facts which have come under the observation of our missionaries on the border. Besides the hindrances to Tibetan Bud

dhists becoming Christians, a few of which we have mentioned, there are many other difficulties which confront the missionaries who have the courage to labor among this semi-barbarous people. Chief of these is having to combat constantly the suspicion of foreigners which undoubtedly originates with and is zealously fostered by the corrupt priesthood. Neither inns for the entertainment of travellers, nor shops where necessary articles may be purchased are found among the Tibetans; hence if the itinerant neglects to carry sufficient provision with him, he is thrown upon the uncertain hospitality of the natives. It is absolutely necessary, before any evangelistic attempts can prove at all successful, to secure a *chu ren kia,* "host," in each clan to be visited. His duty is to establish friendly relations between the foreigner and his people; and becomes a sort of guarantee that both will be on their best behaviour while social intercourse is carried on. The missionary makes his headquarters at this man's home when visiting the village, and he in turn expects to be fed and lodged at the mission station when he comes to town.

This system has also its drawbacks, for such a person naturally entertains the erroneous idea, that when he gets into trouble with the officials, the missionary will use his influence to help him out.

Recently it has been tried, with varied success, to make the heads of the clan responsible for their safety, when missionaries travel from village to village, by furnishing an escort when such would be needed.

Then there are the additional hardships peculiar to laboring in Tibet, where the scanty population is scattered over such a vast area; the difficult mountain roads which have to be traversed; and more than all, the possibility when taking extensive trips among the nomads, of encountering robbers, with dire results.

The common people are in a state of fearful illiteracy; not one in ten thousand understands the written language, and only comparatively few of the laity can read at all. The subject under consideration would lack completion, were I to omit mentioning certain aspects, which are at present decidely encouraging to the Tibetan missionary.

It is perhaps not very well known that there is not the same dearth of religious thought and sentiment in the Tibetan language, which we must deplore in the language of the more materialistic

Confucianist; this is an • advantage well worth appreciating when trying to express truth.

There seems to exist at present a recognition, even among Buddhist leaders, of a decided decadence in their religion, and of the possibility of it being superseded by something better in the near future. We would support such a hopeful prognostication with a hearty amen! For if there is one delusion of the enemy which more than any other has succeeded for thousands of years in enthralling one-third of the world's population, it is Buddhism.

Pan Chen Rinpoche, head of the Tashilumbo monastery, and in authority almost equal with the Dalai Lama, startled the world two years ago by announcing a vision, which he professed to have had of the *Koondra,* "idol" of Jesus, and the rumor spread through Tibet that the Gospel of Christ must triumph.

A Tibetan layman, Aku Drashi, head of a village, and friend of Mr. Christie, went to the "Living Buddha" of the Tankar *Gomba,* and asked him to state his opinion of Christianity. This man answered, "The time has come when Buddhism must decrease and Christianity will increase." He continued, "I will not come back to Tibet again, but will be reincarnated as a *Oruss,* 'Russian' military official. But now since I have given you this information you must not tell it to anyone."

It certainly seems as if very few cling to the philosophical theory of *Nirvana.* It has been discarded as a condition too mystical and difficult of attainment, and also because the majority are yielding to the conception of something more tangible. Chinese Buddhism offers its votaries, as an incentive to virtue, the joys of a Western Paradise. Such a place is called *Tien Tang,* "Heavenly Hall." The concrete hope of the average Buddhist is after all, not the attaining of a happy state in the future life; the best they can hope for is being reborn as men. All must be reborn as men in order to reach the lowest round of the ladder which is supposed to lead to *Nirvana.* The common priest, *Dgelong,* must rise in his present exist. ence to the rank of *lama,* or "superior priest," and at the same time accumulate extraordinary merit in order to be reborn as an incarnation of Buddha.

If we are to judge from the phraseology of the modern Buddhist, as well as their pictorial representations of a future state, it is certain that a material heaven with commensurate joys is gaining in favor. And the other place, if we are to draw our conclusions from their realistic pictures of Buddhist hell, *ti-yw,* "earth's prison," means more than the trials of existence, and the laborious transmigration of soul.

But what we may consider the most encouraging sign, and which augurs the speedy dissolution of this religious system, is the fearful depravity of its priesthood. It is impossible in a work of this kind to make more than a general statement relative to the immoralities of the lamas and priests. It is sufficient to state that the priestly class with their unlimited opportunities, and by exercise of authority over the superstitious laity may and do indulge their depraved natures with impunity. In proportion to the impact of civilization and the enlightenment of the uninitiated, this fearfully abused power will diminish. The excesses of the priests do not create scandal; for public opinion is dead or dormant, and all are equally bad. I have it on the very best authority—one who used to be of their number—that out of thirty-five priests who belonged to a small monastery near Tao cheo, only one is at all decent morally. The Living Buddhas have the worst reputation.

During a recent visit to Chone, the writer met many of the chief men of the town, both laymen and priests, and before leaving he was told by the missionary that every one who had called, was morally bad. Such are the fruits which this tree—Buddhism—has produced, and even the most pious of its

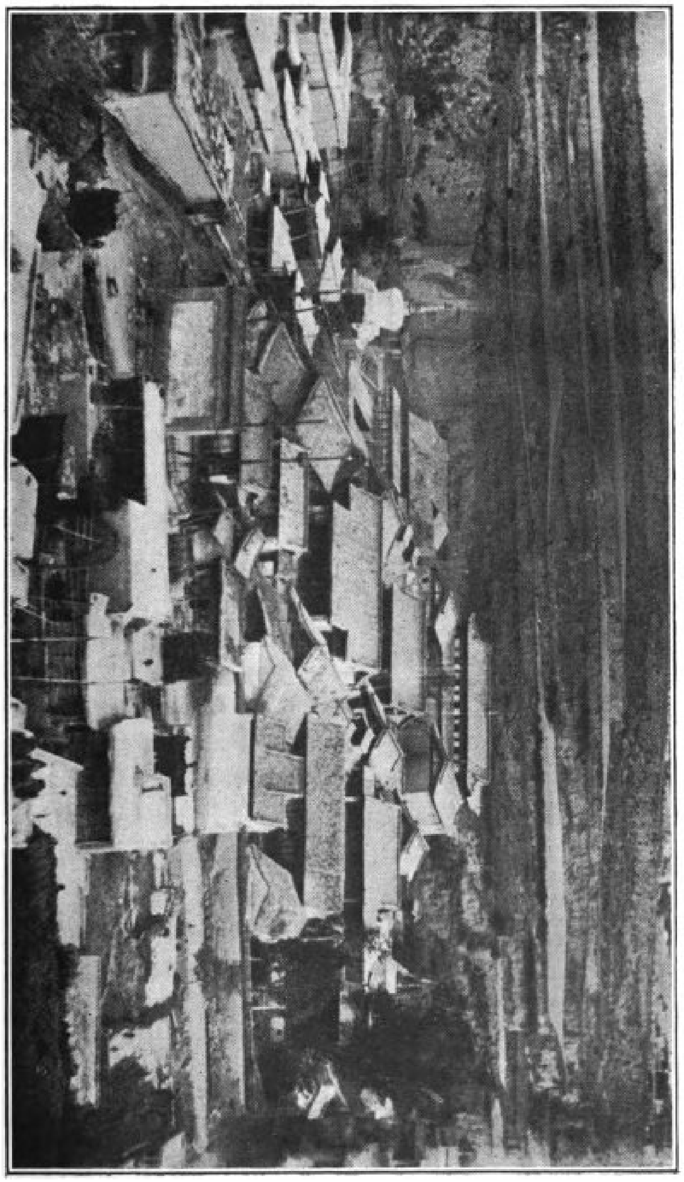
devotees do not pretend to rectify their conduct. Morality and religion are altogether disassociated.

The constant dissensions and bitter quarrels between lamaseries on the question of superiority is another source of weakness in the system; and these conditions exist within the pale of each (un) "holy place."

There are at least three factions, all at "daggers drawn," in Chone lamasery, which has a residing membership of five hundred priests.

Several of the heads of departments of this *Gomba* came to the missionary the other evening, and earnestly begged him to use his influence and become arbiter between the factions. It had really become serious for one party had recently by their evil doing caused the death of an old priest. He had succumbed to fright when terrorized at midnight by a score of these scoundrels, and was found dead in his bed the next morning.

A bitter animosity has for years existed between the lamaseries of Chone and Cheh pah PART OF CHONE TOWN AND MONASTERY. THE ROUND MONUMENT. IN THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE IS A CHOHTEN BUILT BY THE CHIEF OF CHONE IN ORDER TO COUNTERACT THE INFLUENCE OF SOME INFLUENTIAL RESIDENTS OF THE TOWN.



kuh, for the heads of the former insist on exercising temporal power over the latter, which is the smaller *Gomba.* This feeling was intensified when Chone *Gomba* authorities attempted to appoint the religious heads of Cheh pah kuh *Gomba.* Such authority was stoutly denied and resisted, and rather than yield to numbers and monied influence, Cheh pah kuh appointed a delegation to wait upon the missionaries at Tao cheo, for the purpose of offering, with properly drawn up deeds, the lamasery and all the property connected with it, to the *Fuh yin Tang.* The missionaries of course refused to accept this strange bequest, when the circumstances which led to it were fully known.

Buddhism and its acknowledged teachers and guides must be in a bad plight when they thus turn to their religious opponents for succor and guidance.

God grant that they may soon as readily turn to the messengers of the Gospel for spiritual counsel and help!

XII

THE RIOT AT PAO NGAN

HARDLY one year during the last twelve or fifteen has been exempt from anti-foreign outbreaks and missionary massacres. Some of these, occurring in the least expected localities, and lacking the characteristics of wellplanned and with forethought executed attacks, as in the case of the Lien Chow massacre, convinces the observer that such are only the outburst of temporary passion during which mobs are controlled by desperadoes and religious fanatics. Other instances of mob violence against missionaries in China, and sucfi have multiplied in recent years, express a deeprooted feeling against the Romanist propaganda, which, on account of its assumptions, and Interference in Chinese law-suits, has brought itself into disrepute with the respectable, lawabiding Chinese. At such times the innocent are often called upon to suffer with the guilty, as during the late sad Nan ch'ang trouble.

Many illustrious names of China missionaries have been added to the roll of noble martyrs within a few years. Sung-pu, Wu-sueh, Ku-ch'eng, Lien Chow and Nan-ch'ang remain ever sacred in our memories. And who can ever forget Tai-uen Fu, or Pao-ting Fu and other places in North China made sacred by the blood of foreign and native Christians during 1900? We thank God for such devotion, tho at the same time we recoil with horror when we read of the fiendish cruelties practiced upon defenceless men, women, and even children.

But there is a bright side even to riots, for we read of remarkable escapes, and for every station looted and missionaries killed, there are many where the lives of the missionaries have been spared through providential intervention, tho their property has been destroyed. We notice the devotion of servants; the unexpected friendliness of neighbors; being able to hide in houses whose owners risk their lives by thus sheltering foreign refugees; the many contrivances on the part of comparative strangers to aid them in their flight; and then Anally the rebuilding of stations and reconstruction of work; large numerical increase, and even the conversion of former persecutors. All these attest the power of God manifest, and emphasize the truth that foreign missions pay.

Alas! the Tibetans, sad to say, have learned from their more civilized neighbors the method of summarily dealing with unwelcome intruders.

Our Tibetan mission had established their headquarters at Tao cheo during the spring of 1895. It was thought best two years later to branch out in another direction and if possible get a little nearer the Tibetans; hence the opening of Pao-ngan by Messrs. Christie and Shields. This little city is merely a military outpost just across the border, and unimportant except as it furnishes a trading center for a number of Tibetan tribes. But to the pioneers it was a means to an end; this being closer contact with the neighboring tribes and their evangelization if possible. Many difficulties were encountered in this new field; it was specially hard for the senior missionary, who having already acquired one Tibetan dialect was compelled to exchange this for another.

The best method of reaching these semisavages is an ever perplexing and still unsolved problem, for living among them is for various reasons much more difficult than living among the Chinese. Their intensely superstitious minds are entirely under the control of their ecclesiastical rulers, and the unscrupulous *lamas* in their fanatical religious zeal influence the ignorant laity to the point of carrying out any of their wicked devices. It will be observed that our two brethren were pitted against fearful odds.

A[1] previous chapter has touched upon the intolerance of Tibetan Buddhism. It is not an uncommon experience to arouse its exponents to anger by preaching Christ and purity, the mere mention of which puts their hypocritical pretenses at a tremendous discount.

No wonder then that from the very first the Tibetans around Pao-ngan were bent upon the expulsion of the missionaries, and their destruction if possible. When Mr. Shields brought his wife and another lady worker to Pao-ngan a year and a half later the people became more furious than ever. The usual wild rumors were put into circulation: wells had been poisoned; the foreigners were responsible for the prolonged drought that spring, etc., etc. Such accusations are not uncommon. Such was the case in 1900; the rains failed during the spring, and famine with all its horrors was staring the people of China in the face. This precipitated the uprising of the Boxers, who, with the connivance of the rulers of China, had fixed upon the ill-omened intercalary eighth month as the time for exterminating foreign residents.

Prolonged seasons of drought have usually preceded anti-foreign riots. The earnings of the average Chinese are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together; there is nothing laid up for a "rainy day"; and there is no possible escape from starvation should the crops fail.

It is easy to understand how a superstitious and ignorant people can be stirred to acts of violence at such times, especially when inflammatory placards suggest that the harboring of "foreign devils" is the ostensible cause of the gods withholding the rains from the people. To the evil-minded the remedy is not far to seek.

While camping out near a Tibetan village, during the summer of 1899, we became aware of the feeling which the Tibetans cherish towards foreigners, and the supernatural powers which they attribute to us. The fields were in great need of rain, and the people of the village were greatly opposed to our camping in their vicinity. A beautiful grove near the Tao River had been selected. They finally gave a reluctant consent on the condition that we would neither bathe nor wash clothes in the river until the rains came.

For several days the villagers, old and young, men, women and children, would gath PAPER GIANTS LEADING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A DECEASED MILITARY OFFICIAL. THESE, TOGETHER WITH PAPER CARTS, SEDAN CHAIRS AND PAPER VAMEN RUNNERS, ARE BURNED AT THE GRAVE, AND THUS SUPPOSED TO FURNISH HIS MILITARY POST IN THE OTHER WORLD.



TIBETAN BEGGARS. SUCH COME DOWN INTO THE FERTILE VALLEYS OF HO CHEO AND TIH TAO IN THOUSANDS DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

er at our camp, and sitting around us in a circle, each industriously twirled a prayer-wheel, and muttered the accompanying prayer: *Om mam pad me hum,* "Oh, thou jewel in the lotus."

Not another word would pass their lips, nor would they answer the questions put to them. Finally they were told that we would pray to our God; and sure enough, that very night and for several days it rained copiously.

There was no question in their minds about our God hearing and answering prayer, for later on one of the villagers came and asked us to pray to our God to stop the rain; a "lucky day" had arrived, and he was anxious to raise the framework of a new house, which operation would be very much inconvenienced unless the rain ceased.♦

But to return to the situation of the Paongan missionaries. All the calamities which befell the people of the entire region were laid at their door, and it seemed advisable for the

♦Besides this fasting and praying for rain, another method of inducing the gods to give rain in time of drought shows the fertility of their superstitious minds. The suffering farmer goes to the nearest temple, borrows as many of the sacred books as he can carry conveniently, and with these on his back he circles around his fields until the rain comes or he gets tired. This method obtains in Tibet. In China the Rain God is carried around in a sedan chair, for the same purpose.

single lady missionary to remove to Tao cheo, at least for the time being. This journey was made with escort through wild Tibetan territory, not without some danger; for when the escort passed through a few days previously, some tribes were at war, and the road led right through the fighting line.

The parties warring were supposed to cease firing and allow the travellers to pass, but they did not escape having a few bullets whiz about them.

The outlook began to assume a darker aspect for Mr. and Mrs. Shields, who had decided to remain; for every attempt to pacify the country people around Pao-ngan had proved unavailing.

An ominous stillness was the precursor of the approaching storm. None of the Tibetans came near the mission house for some time. But the avalanche did not descend altogether unannounced on the lonely mission station. Many premonitions of impending danger had been received, and it seemed evident that the days of service for God in Pao-ngan, were, at least temporarily, drawing to a close.

One attack had already been made, when Mr. Christie, who had just arrived on a visit, with a small revolver held at bay a score or more of armed and infuriated Tibetans who had burst into the mission compound with drawn swords and murderous intentions. The Tibetans had loudly intimated that the missionaries must forfeit their lives to pay for their audacity in coming to live among them.

Mrs. Shields was busy in the kitchen attending to some baking on the morning of the final outbreak, when a soldier suddenly rushed in and bade them follow him immediately. Everything was left behind, and the missionaries followed him through a side door and over a wall, thus escaping unobserved to the military magistrate's *yamen.* There was not a moment to spare: the party had barely escaped through the side door when the mob broke in. The murderous crew dropped down into the courtyard from the trees and over the walls; some opened the big door so as to admit the howling demons from the outside; others began immediately to search for the foreigners who were fortunately not to be seen. Then the work of demolition began, and the mission premises were speedily reduced to a heap of debris; the kerosene was poured into the stream near by; and large quantities of sugar brought up from the coast was dispatched in the same way; the organ was smashed to atoms, and other articles for which the marauders took a fancy were stolen with impunity. Soon chaos reigned supreme!

But plunder was only a secondary motive, and the frenzied tribesmen were still thirsting for blood. The commandant of the small garrison of Chinese soldiers, fearing he would be unable to protect them if his *yamen* should be stormed, sent the missionaries that same night to Hsiien-hua, with a strong escort of forty mounted soldiers.

This city being distant one hundred and twenty *li* in an easterly direction, and on the Chinese side of the border, seemed to be the only place of safety.

Such was the end of mission work at Paongan, and altho seven years have passed since the riot took place, yet it is still unoccupied, except by sin and Satan.



A MONGOLIAN FAMILY.

XIII

PIONEERING

OPENING up new work presents many discouraging features; but praise God the pioneer derives his assistance from a heavenly source, and his implement is good,—"For the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword."

Nevertheless the pioneer feels keenly the entire absence of sympathy and reciprocity on the part of those for whom he gladly sacrifices so much of comfort and earthly good. His overtures are met not only with indifference, but more often with positive hatred and contempt. He must first succeed in establishing a reputation for good, which will effectually destroy the reputation which antagonism has invented and which has preceded him.

No helping hand is outstretched in welcome when the lonely stranger enters the strange city. He is everywhere greeted by that curiosity and "observation without sympathy which is torture."

The worker is particularly unfortunate if he lacks the companionship of a trusted native associate, and the valuable assistance which only a native helper can give. And it is doubly hard if both foes and friends should misunderstand him; for there is a danger even on the mission field of settling down in our respective corners, assiduously cultivating our garden patches, and letting our farms go to waste.

Kansuh missionaries are perforce keenly alive to the self-evident fact that "there remaineth much land to be possessed," and they are all trying to occupy as much as possible within the shortest time possible. It must be conceded that the pioneer's intense desire to reach the "ends of the earth" in order that all may know *Him,* is a legitimate one. If some times the brethren fail to appreciate the pioneer's disinterested motive, much less will it be understood in an age and by a church which has gone positively mad with an insatiable and "unholy desire for statistics." The home constituency require quick returns for their gifts in order to keep their interest alive. The itinerating missionary is planting and sowing for future days, when others will come to "reap that whereon (they) bestowed no labor," but lacking the qualities of a "hustler" according to present estimates, even in the church, he is, to use a fitting Americanism, "not in it."

It is to be feared that the mission field has caught the contagion, and many a missionary, if conscientious, might have to record with shame that a numerical increase, even if it must be attained at the expense of quality, is the object of their endeavors. We cannot be too careful in China about keeping an undesirable element out of the church.

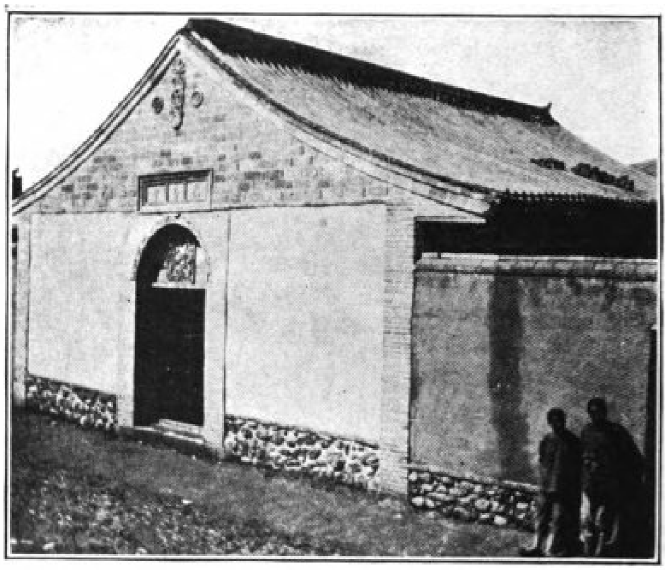
May God have mercy on you, dear reader, if you have fallen into the sinful habit of indulging in unjust criticism of those whom your money has helped send to the "uttermost parts of the earth," simply because such may show off less favorably in mission statistics than their more favored brethren. And yet he is human—the itinerant—as well as the others, and would hail with delight speedy returns for his "labor of love."

It is not an easy task to succeed a fellowworker, who for some reason must leave the field, and to whom both church-members and outsiders have become attached; it is a hundredfold harder to enter and open an entirely new mission field. Mountains of difficulties must be rolled away, and only the power and wisdom from above can avail against supernatural as well as human foes. Don't forget to pray for your pioneer! He needs all the earnestness and faith that can be linked with your petition. Is

he lonely? His peculiar circumstances and altogether heathen environments combine against him. It is true that his entire dependence ought to be, and is placed in God, but this does not preclude his being susceptible to human sympathy and kindness. Letters from time to time, full of cheer and manifesting a lively interest in all his work, will not come amiss. were contesting every inch of our progress. The old occupant of the house we had rented was the *visible* cause of all the trouble. I was greeted with coldness by many who on a previous visit had come about quite freely. Neither the middle man who wrote the agreement, nor the owner of the house dared to show themselves. All sorts of wild reports had been unsparingly circulated, most of them as I learned afterwards, the fabrications of the above mentioned vicious man. He had visited in turn, and given presents to the prominent gentry of the town, and as a result it was rumored that they were unanimously against the "Gospel Hall," or foreigners locating in the city. The landlord, a young, weak-minded fellow, had fled from the city, and was in hiding no one knew where. One reason for all this commotion, was the threat of the inn-keeper to commit suicide—a very effective measure in China—not only on account of the superstitious dread of being haunted by the spirit of the deceased, but much more because in a Chinese court of (in) justice, the direct or indirect cause is not only implicated, but held responsible for the calamity. Cases of suicide from above mentioned causes are often known to involve entire families in financial ruin. Hence the ignominious flight of the landlord. However, the Lord kept in perfect peace those ten waiting days, altho everything seemed unfavorable from a human standpoint. I did not have much liberty to preach on the street, a work which I ordinarily delight in doing; but His Word was precious and many chapters were committed to memory, as I walked to and fro in my dingy quarters at the inn.

The opening of the city of Tih tao to mission work, was a repetition, intensified, of the difficulties which almost every missionary encounters when commencing new work in China. We had some of the same trials, on a smaller scale, when Min cheo was opened to the Gospel nine years previously. One becomes very conscious, with each fresh encroachment on the enemy's territory, that the latter is very much alive, and that he fully intends to make it as unpleasant for us as possible in his attempts to frustrate our plans, when we literally obey, in carrying out the Lord's last will and commission.

When I returned to Tih tao in March to attend to necessary repairs preparatory to our moving, I found that a hornet's nest had been stirred up in my absence. I could see the prints of the cloven foot everywhere, and it was soon evident that the hosts of darkness



"GOSPEL HALL" OF TIH TAO.



FIRST CHRISTIANS.

On the tenth day the mother of the landlord, widow of a military official, arranged in a business-like way to have an interview with me. She proved to be as capable as her son seemed incompetent, and soon we came to an agreement, or rather compromise, by which I agreed to relinquish temporarily my claim on the property we had rented, on the condition that another house should be provided for us. The offer of the present premises, for which a moderate rent was asked, was accepted.

Not many days after this transaction we were informed that our yielding in the matter of the inn had produced a very favorable impression in the city. It will be observed that we have not lost, but rather gained, by exhibiting a little of the "gentleness of Christ."

By having a man forcibly ejected, as we could have done legally, we might have ruined for all time our prospects in this city, or at least to a very great extent limited our influence for good.

Our change of dwelling in Tih tao we reckon as the Lord's distinct leading Number Two.

Less than a month later, after an arduous journey across the mountains, which had been made all but impassable by the spring rains and melting snows, we arrived at our new home, and took possession in the name of the Lord. • But our newly whitened walls facing the street were too tempting to some evil-minded scribe. One morning shortly after our arrival, we found they were defaced and scribbled all over with Chinese ideographs. The writer who was evidently not without some wit, having tried to be funny at the expense of Chao, our landlord, had attached a few mean puns (the Chinese language is so peculiarly constructed that it furnishes almost unlimited facilities for making them). It designated the foreigners with the usual less complimentary epithets; recorded some of their supposed evil deeds; the finale being an exhortation to the "law-abiding and peace-loving people to expel the foreigners, and on no condition whatever harbor such disturbers of the peace." That up to the present time Tih tao had succeeded in keeping out the hated *Yang ren,* had been the boast of its people—Moslems have been entirely excluded since the last rebellion—hence it must have been specially aggravating to such boasters to find us in peaceful possession and quietly pursuing our calling.

The civil mandarin was away, but upon returning next day he called immediately, assuring us, while apologizing for the misconduct of his people, such as stated in the defamation, was not the general feeling. While present in person he had the characters erased, and in their stead put up a proclamation which clearly stated our purpose in coming: the peacefulness of our mission, our perfect right according to treaties with foreign powers, to buy, rent or build; and that in this case we should be protected, etc.

The *Fuh yin Tang* becomes a kind of "Adullam's Cave" in a newly established mission station, to which all in distress and debt congregate with the vain hope that by cultivating an intimate acquaintance with the *Yang loo ie,* "foreign old grandfather," the tatter's supposed influence at the *yamen* may be turned to good account. However, such "seekers" become very quickly undeceived, in so far as they imagined that we would interfere with their law



THE PRESENT FORCE OF C. & M. A. TIBETAN BORDER MISSIONARIES.

suits, or pull wires which would give them "face" before the magistrate, and deliverance from some embarrassment, for we absolutely refused to meddle with any of their many temporal affairs. One, who had the temerity to forge my card for the purpose of furthering his suit at the *yamen,* was given an exemplary punishment, and the only benefit he received was a good bambooing.

Many delegations of grey-bearded Moslems called on me, when we first came to the city. Some bought Gospels in Arabic, and all listened with patience and seeming respect as I preached Christ to

them. I suspected that all were not disinterested listeners, and when th« *Mufti's* son was one of the group, on one occasion, the real motive beneath their apparent interest was revealed. Ever since the foreigners had become established at Tih tao, the Moslems had become convinced that I, by speaking a good word for them to the gentry, could get the prohibition removed which excludes them from the city and this side of the river.

It gives us joy to record another definite leading of the Lord, which has, moveover, a distinct bearing upon the future of our mission work in Tih tao.

Experience gained during almost a year's residence in the city convinced us that the place which we had first rented, and which we intended, according to agreement, to occupy this year (1906), was unsuitable for the work and specially for mission work among women. This led us to renounce the claim we had upon the property when an opportunity was offered during Chinese New Year.

All that time we had no other prospects for the extension of the work, but were convinced that the Lord had something better for us. We had barely made this decision, when the possibility of purchasing a very desirable piece of property in the very heart of the city, was brought to our notice. We must confess to lack of faith, and it was with many misgivings that we made inquiries. But we were delightfully surprised and our lack of faith was put to shame, for we seemed to strike the most opportune moment. An old feud between the real owner and a pseudo claimant had just then come to a climax.

It was not difficult under these circumstances to agree on a moderate price as soon as we opened negotiations. A third part of the lot which belonged to another party was secured through the good offices of the civil mandarin, and thus in a short time, this land, with excellent location on "Stone Bridge street," became mission property. A feast was spread for the owners, the middlemen and a few friends,, and everybody has seemed satisfied.

God has wrought marvelously in reducing opposition, and granting permanency to our work. It seems almost too good to be true, and yet it is not a dream, for the hum of carpenters' tools can be heard distinctly from where this is written—the lot is just opposite— where a chapel is in process of construction. The wall around the property is almost completed, and this chapel is going up by faith, tho we had less than a tenth needed for its completion when we began the undertaking. This building will supply a long felt need in our Tih tao station, for hitherto, during a year and a half's preaching in this city, the blue heavens have been my only canopy. This I am willing, for obvious reasons, to exchange for an earthly, tho less substantial roof.

A feeling of dissatisfaction, which led to the abandoning of the inn on account of its undesirable location; the providential opening of negotiations for the purchase of present mission property, which was facilitated because of an existing feud between natives; all this we reckon as the distinct leading of the Lord.

XIV

MOSLEMS OF KANSUH

Hj ¥E who loves not, lives not; he who lives lT by the Life cannot die," was the motto of the first real missionary among Moslems.

Raymond Lull, to the reader of his biography, seems more like the Great Apostle to the Gentiles than almost any other missionary, ancient or modern. It was consuming love and a vision of the Christ which transformed this gay courtier at the court of James II of Aragon into a zealous missionary and martyr. While others engaged with carnal weapons against the followers of the False Prophet, a proceeding which Lull very much deprecated, he himself undertook to conquer them by love.

He was a true imitator of Peter Venerabilis, who took up the controversy during the 13th Century, and who approached the Moslems, as he says, "Not with arms but with words, not by force but by reason, not in hatred but in love;" and thus far he was the first to breathe the true missionary spirit toward the Saracen. It has been well pointed out that "the only missionary spirit of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was that of the Crusaders. They took up the sword and perished by the sword. But 'Raymund Lull was raised up as if to prove in one startling case, to which the eyes of all Christendom were turned for many a day, what the Crusades might have become and might have done for the world, had they been fought for the Cross with the weapons of Him whose last words were forgiveness and peace'."[1]

Nothing is more beautiful than the contemplation of the intense longing of this old man of eighty to follow in the steps of so many noble martyrs; and his wish was granted. Are we afraid of martyrdom that so few follow in the footsteps of the devoted Lull? It is computed that five-sixths of Moslem countries are open to the Christian missionary, but only onesixth have been occupied. Is it not a lamentable fact that so few of the open doors have been entered?

Islam is not moribund; for it is, according to recent news from Africa, gaining numerically by leaps and bounds. "The pagan tribes ask for the white man's teacher, but Mohammedan traders and missionaries push forward with energy and zeal, flooding the country with their influence, and at present rate of progress it is

'George Smith: A Short History of Missions.

estimated there will scarcely be a heathen village on the banks of the Niger by 1910".[2]

Some writers of Europe, even, are raising pessimistic note in regard to the real danger which is threatening its peace and security. This is neither the Yellow Peril, nor the aspirations of Pan-Germanism, but the menace of Pan-Islamism, or the union of Mohammedan countries in a religious uprising against Christions powers—"the spirit of Musselman ferocity which is merely slumbering in the communities of Islam from Burma to the Pillars of Hercules."

"France controls a colony in North Africa which would like to rise at an appeal to arms in the name of the Prophet, just as the Highlanders obeyed the appeal of the Fiery Cross; first, because such war was holy, and secondly, because fighting for fighting's sake was loved as a pastime."

The religion of the ex-mule-driver is in every particular antagonistic to Christianity, for the strength of Islam is, "to forbid thought, to gag reforms and abominate all progress."

It is undeniable that there are more inducements to go to the idolatrous heathen than to attempt the conversion of those who have put their faith and hopes in this false system. An

[2]Missionary Review, June, 1906.

other serious drawback is the fact that so much truth is mixed up with the Moslem faith, which, under the cloak of religion, sanctions excesses to which mankind quickly responds. It is probable that apart from its other powerfully persuasive ally—the sword—its rapid and easy conquests are directly due to its influence on man where he has the least power of resistance. It caters to and encourages the sensual in human nature.

The Moslem population which forms an integral part of the Chinese Empire is variously estimated from ten to thirty millions.♦ By taking the happy medium between these extremes, we could form a continuous line of human beings, which joining hands, would stretch across the United States of America from East to West. These from China alone, all worship in the name of *Ma Sheng Ren,* "Mohammed the Sage." The larger proportion of Mohammedans subject to the Chinese Emperor are to be found in the North and Northwestern Provinces; especially Shensi, Kansuh, the New Dominion and Chinese Turkestan. There is also a large sprinkling in Yun-nan, who have

♦A11 estimates of Celestial peoples, which profess to be authoritative and infallible, should be digested *cum grano salts.*

frequently caused the Imperial Government much trouble.

The usual name by which they are designated in China is *Huei Huei.* They are also called *Siac chiao,* "small religion," as distinguished from *Ta chiao,* "the great religion." The latter indicates the large majority of Chinese who place faith in China's religious Triad —the complex systems, which, tho mutually antagonistic, are easily harmonized in the elastic mind of the Celestial, who is from force of habit a latitudinarian. The Moslems arrogate for themselves the title of *chiao-men,* "disciples."

In this western section of Kansuh there are three distinct classes of *Huei Huei,* viz., the Salars, who since the last rebellion are to be found within a limited area on both sides of the Yellow River. Among themselves they speak a colloquial similar to Turki, which seems to indicate that they originally came across through Chinese Turkestan. The *Tong Hsiang Huei Huei,* which are more numerous, speak a *tu hua,* "dialect," greatly resembling Mongolian. It is quite possible that their remote ancestors came into China with the Mongolian conqueror, Ghengis Khan, whose son, Kublai Khan, introduced a new dynasty in China during the thirteenth century. The third class are the many proselytes, who for various reasons have become assimilated with the Moslems and have adopted their faith. Many of the soldiers who were despatched by the first Emperor of the Ming dynasty, for the purpose of driving out the Mongolian invaders, never returned to their native provinces. Some married Mohammedan wives, and as is often the case, became proselytes; others became the progenitors of some of the most influential and wealthy Chinese families of Kansuh.

To one accustomed to the average undersized Chinese of the Central and Southern provinces, it is a pleasure to behold many of the fine specimens of the race in Kansuh. Its "braves," with their stalwart frames and fine physique, produced a rather favorable impression during the Boxer year, tho their boast and arrogance were far in advance of real prowess and courage.

The Moslems are not inferior to the Chinese in the above mentioned characteristics, and withal have a ruddy complexion; in bearing and dress they are easily distinguished. Even here, they strictly observe the fast of Ramadan, or Mohammedan Lent, which is no makebelieve, for.it is observed with

all rigor. Neither food nor drink is allowed to pass the lips of the faithful from sunrise to sunset during the entire fast, which sometimes lasts more than a month. *Chu ma rih,* or their Sabbath, which falls on our Friday, is fairly faithfully observed; at least during the short period of the day when the Koran is expounded in the mosque. But this is only for the men, for as concerning the women, they are excluded altogether; and in that respect are worse off than their heathen sisters, who appear to take some comfort in their nature or idol worship.

Polygamy, and the option which rests with the husband of divorcing his wife for a trivial offence, or for no offence at all, continues to rank the Mohammedan woman among the most degraded of womankind. Surely her lot is hard! Her Christian sisters find it difficult on account of her seclusion, to bring her the solace of the Gospel. The practice of polygamy is prevalent among Kansuh Moslems. The size of a "believer's" harem is usually in proportion to his wealth and ability to secure and support many wives. It is difficult to reach them with the printed page; only a few have studied the Chinese written language, and altho many can read the Arabic, yet only a small proportion even of *ahons,* "priests," can read with the understanding. The *ahon* is supposed to expound *Towrat* and *Ingeel,* "the Law and the Gospel," as well as the Koran; but it is a well known fact that the clergy know as little about the Old and New Testaments as did Mahomet himself. They can utter glibly enough the names of the prophets, such as *Mosa Sheng ren,* "Moses the holy man," *Ibrahim,* "Abraham," *Dawei* and *Sulimani,* and are fond of giving their children Bible names—*Ishmcer,* "Ishmael," being the most common. They will even acknowledge *Irsa Sheng ren,* "Jesus, the Holy Man," to be the greatest of the prophets, and with us believe that He is coming again to the earth for judgment. But we raise a storm of disapproval when we affirm that He is God's Son. According to the belief of the Moslems, with whom I have conversed, Jesus was miraculously rescued from the Cross, and ascended into heaven without the intervention of death.

The Virgin Mary is "Miriam tai tai" to them, and it is perhaps excusable that they confound the Mother of Jesus with the sister of Moses; Mahomet himself fell into the same error.

All outside the fold are *katirs,* "unbelievers"; hence their efforts to convert such to Islam by the sword, if other methods fail, is a meritorious work incumbent on all true believers. "Islam is a loveless religion. Between Allah and His creatures there remains a deep and impassable gulf." But tho they believe Him to be a strict and stern judge, there is at the same time a belief prevailing among them that' Allah is indulgent towards *them,* and excuses *their* many irregularities. As far as we have been able to observe, we have found them to be as immoral and licentious as the heathen, and possibly more so. Their cleanliness is all on the outside, for their many ablutions do not affect their conduct. Prayer is as meaningless and mechanical to them as to the Tibetan Buddhist turning his prayer-wheel. Chinese estimate of Mohammedan honesty and conscience, or rather lack of it, is illustrated by many current proverbs, *e.g.,* "The *Huei Huei's* food is palatable, but their words are not to be trusted." Most of the Mohammedans of China have arrogantly appropriated the name of the founder of their religion; and, altho Mahomet died without giving to posterity one living son, yet "out of ten Huei Huei nine are known by the name *Ma."*

A prosperous Mohammedan merchant of Tao cheo, New City, became a Christian a couple of years ago after many years of devout study of the Bible. He had the courage of his convictions, and last year went down to Chonc and publicly confessed Christ, being baptized in the river. This caused a tremendous stir, and his former co-religionists immediately plotted against his life; but their attempts to kill him have all failed thus far. His nephew, while studying in the mosque one Sabbath, overheard the plot which would involve the destruction of Mr. Min's father as well as himself. They were foiled

this time, as well as later when he went to the Old City, 60 *li* away, and boldly confessed in the *Fuhyin tang* that he had come to believe in Jesus as his Lord and Saviour.

It was providential, as he learned afterward, that he changed the date of his return, for some infuriated Moslems had actually laid in wait, with the intention of killing the renegade. That he was plotted against was evident, for from that time all his relatives, even his old father and former friends ceased having anything to do with him, and dared not call on him.

A part of his house is arranged as a chapel where the Gospel is preached on market days as well as every Sunday. Mr. Min is a very humble, conscientious Christian, with a kind, pleasing manner. One is rather amazed at first sight to find in him "the stuff whereof martyrs are made." Study of the Book has not in his case been superficial, and the Scriptural teaching of the "Lord for the body," has found ready response in his heart. He trusts his children also with the Lord, even tho in severe illness his father has threatened to send Chinese physicians to prescribe remedies for them, unless they recovered within a certain time; but his child-like trust has never been put to shame.

Let us remember, and then perhaps we can better sympathize with those who attempt their evangelization, that "apostacy is *death* among the Moslems" of the present day, and they *dare* to carry out the sentence as well as in the early centuries.

XV

MOHAMMEDAN REBELLIONS

CONSTERNATION seized the inhabitants of Kansuh when it was noised about during the spring of 1895 that the Salars had rebelled, and another general uprising was feared under the banners of

"That cruel, murderous crew,
To carnage and the Koran given;
Who think through unbeliever's blood
Lies the surest path to heaven."

Well did older and even middle-aged Chinese remember the devastating work the same implacable foes accomplished less than forty years before; when Shensi and Kansuh were overrun, and many of its chief cities taken and held for ten or twelve years by the successful Moslems. Ma chan Ngao was the leading spirit of this rebellious movement, in which for many years he was thoroughly successful; only being pacified finally by the Imperial Government conferring upon him high official position.

Oh, the heart-rending stories of suffering and hardships that have been told the writer by sole survivors of large families which sueeumbed during those troublous days! My friend Wei, the butcher, told me to-day of awful recollections of that time. He was only a boy of eight years, and out of a family of twenty-two persons was the only one who escaped when the rebels took the city of Tih tao. Tho terribly wounded, somehow he got away and hid for nine days in a grave, without anything to eat. Finally he crawled out by night and jumped down from the city wall, and wandered away into the country where some kind people attended to his wounds. During the next fourteen years he was a wanderer in three provinces.

Hence the peace-loving Chinese had some reason for listening with dire forebodings to the sad rumors. The Mohammedans and Chinese of Kansuh are never on a very friendly footing, and the former had brooded over the wrongs committed against them after the close

♦There are many sects among the Mohammedans, the chief of which are the *Hsin chiao,* "New Sect," and *Lao chiao,* "Old Sect." These are constantly at loggerheads, and cherish even more implacable enmity among themselves than towards the unbelievers.

"The cause of dispute which culminated in one of the most sanguinary and disastrous wars that ever took place in Western China, was the question whether or not a Mohammedan might wear a beard before the age of forty."—Rijnhart, "With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple."

of the last rebellion, and the repressive measures which the government had employed.

This new uprising, the rumors of which were disturbing the people, really originated by a new sect arising among the Salars, at the village of Kai tsi kong.♦

There was some contention between the New and the Old Sect which led to actual fighting. The Chinese runners from Hsiien Hua *Yamen* interfered; one of these was killed; whereupon the New and the Old Sect turned upon the common enemy—the hated *kafir*—and the revolt spread rapidly among the Salars all along the river. This might have been nipped in the bud by employing pacific means, so as to avoid further bloodshed; but instead of that the Chinese authorities very imprudently issued a proclamation ordering the extermination of the Salars. This fanned" the flame, for now the rebels had

no alternative but to fight. The numerous Moslems of Ho cheo district—the Mecca of Kansuh—were soon infected and ready for the conflict. The outbreak took place the first of the third moon in the twenty-first year of the reign of Kuang Hsu.

Of all Mohammedans, the Salars least assimilate with the Chinese, and among other grievances, do not like to wear the queue. Tso kung pao, viceroy of Shen-Kan, was at his wits' end, and the rebellion had assumed large proportions ere the Imperial troops made seri, ous attempts to cope with it. Soon many of the prominent cities were invested, and many of the finest valleys presented a mass of ruin and desolation. Temples and idols could not stand before such an onslaught, and if these iconoclasts had confined themselves to the harmless task of exposing the stumps of wood, which form the backbone of Chinese gods, then there would have been little cause for complaint. But no, the Moslem of Kansufi is not so far removed from his ferocious cousin of the nearer East. Defenceless old people, women and even little children were ruthlessly slain by these apt imitators of the "unspeakable Turk." Tung fu Hsiang,[1] who gained an infamous reputation around Peking in 1900, was ultimately successful in quelling the dis

'Tung fu Hsiang, who is noted for personal bravery, was previous to the former rebellion a simple muleteer. His two donkeys were taken away by the Moslems. This decided him for a military life, and he rose very rapidly from the ranks. It may interest the reader to know that this old reprobate, and co-operator with the Empress Dowager in her nefarious scheme, burdened under three score years and ten, is *now peacefully living in the capital of this province.*



CHANG TA REN AND HIS SON.

turbance, and entered Ho cheo after Ma an Hang, an influential Moslem general and the son of a prominent rebel of the previous rebellion, had paved the way.

During this bloody struggle the Moslems and the Imperial troops tried to outdo one another in treachery and atrocities. The former, being fatalists, are particularly ferocious on the battlefield, and fearless in the face of death. "Paradise is before you"—this was Khaled's pithy address to his troops before leading them into battle—"the devil and hell behind. Fight bravely, and you will secure the one; fly, and you will fall into the other."[2]

Many bands of Moslems capitulated after receiving promises of clemency, but were brutally slaughtered to a man. Hence the remainder of Mohammedan men, who belonged to the most rebellious districts, fearing decimation, fled with their families into *Keo Wai,* "across the frontier," and were never heard of again. They probably perished from starvation and the severity of the winter. Some think that these numbered about twenty thousand.

[2]In view of the possibility of sudden death, the Mohammedans before going into battle dress in white caps and bands, and their *ahons* chant the death classic, or obsequies for those who may fall.

A few months later two of us followed in the wake of this rebellion, and we found one of the finest valleys in Western Kansuh so fearfully devastated that it was almost impossible to find an inn where

travellers could be lodged, and fodder obtained for their horses. Passing along the big cart road north of Tih tao, our attention was called to stumps of newly cut trees which for years had lined the road on both sides for many miles. All these trees had been decorated with the heads of Moslems. The Chinese can compete with their adversaries in cruelty and bloodthirstiness when their ire is aroused, and an opportunity for revenge is given.

Since then, all Mohammedans have been positively forbidden living on this side of the river.

The relatives of the "Mufti," whose ancestral home is in Tih tao and who lost his head in the last struggle, have just recently made strenuous efforts to regain a foothold in the city. On the plea that their graveyard, which lies just outside the East Gate, had fallen into decay, they requested permission of the civil mandarin to erect a house in the vicinity, for the caretaker to live in. But even this has been refused for fear that it might be a repetition of the camel in the famous Arab legend, who, by first introducing only his head into the tent, finally succeeded in ousting the rightful owner and occupant.

XVI

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS

AMESSENGER has just come from *Yang tai tai,* "Lady Yang," asking the *Si-niang* to call on her, for she is in great distress. *Yang tai tai* is the widow of the former prince of Chone, and has recently come to Tih tao for the purpose of marrying her daughter to the son of one of our well-to-do neighbors. Previous to a former Mohammedan rebellion the Li family were considered the wealthiest in the city, but now very little remains of their ancient glory. The *Siao tsie,* "young lady," was in early infancy betrothed to the eldest son of one branch of the Li *kia** Unfortunately this bright boy was accidentally drowned in the river ten years ago. He was one of the hundreds of young men and boys who crowded the bridge during the execution of many noted Mohammedan leaders on the other side of the river. The poorly constructed boat bridge gave way under the strain, and

*Li—pronounced as Lee—Chang and Uang are ubiquitous in China; in that respect counterparts of the more familiar Smith, Brown and Jones of Englishspeaking countries.

the people were precipitated into the swift current. It is said that over a hundred young men and boys were drowned. So even in their ignominious death the rebels unconsciously caused intense sorrow in most of the principal homes of Tih tao.

The claim on the princess was easily transferred to the remaining scion of the Li, who is distinguished from the others of the numerous clan in the city by being called the "seventh."

It was for the purpose of celebrating the nuptials of these sixteen year old children that the Chone tai tai had left her distant home. Her joyful anticipation conjured up a happy widowhood and a contented old age with her children! Alas, what a rude awakening!

There was an unusual stir among our neighbors, the residents on "Stone Bridge Street," the day of the expected arrival of the distinguished visitors. *Yang tai tai,* who was returning to the home of her childhood, with her daughter and a large escort of Tibetans—the young Chone prince accompanied her in person—entered the city without the least apprehension or mistrust. All had come with eager and joyful anticipations in view of the happy event.

This poor woman, who had not stirred out of the little mountain city of Chone for seventeen years, and who only knew of the rascality and profligacy of the people in the town she had left, thought that in going to Tih tao she was approaching heaven upon earth. She became quickly undeceived, for they had hardly alighted from their sedan chairs, when a boy, togged up for the occasion in a big hat, fancy gown and green velvet coat, but idiotic in looks and stunted in growth, came up and gave Lady Yang a *kowtow.* When this dwarfish looking creature was pointed out as her prospective son-in-law, then, according to her own statement to the Si-niang, her heart "sank within her."

"Must I give my beautiful daughter to this *pan nien han,* "brainless fellow"? "No," she said, "I would rather with my own eyes see her drowned in the Tao river." The girl having acquired the independent spirit of the Tibetans in matters of this kind, was inconsolable, and protested that she would "rather remain a *loo ku-niang,* 'an old maid,' all her life, than marry that dirty faced snivelling ninny."

But what could be done? The boy's father, an opium fiend, had visited Chone a couple of months previously, representing his son to Lady Yang as having grown up a tall, nice looking young man, and

withal an accomplished student. He could perpetrate this fraud with impunity for the middlemen, who are proverbial liars anyway, were dead, and the marriage contract was of course already in the possession of the unscrupulous Li. A betrothal in China is more binding than an agreement of like nature in Western lands. It is very seldom that such a contract can be or is broken. For the unhappy woman who is joined to a wicked or cruel husband there is no escape. Lifelong bondage is the only prospect for the future, with the only other alternative —early suicide.

Lady Yang had the courage to test this idiotic looking boy as to his supposed knowledge of the classics, but when she found that he could not even *"pei San Tsi King,"* repeat the "Three Character Classic," which is the first Chinese reader, and can usually be repeated without a mistake by every little schoolboy six or seven years old, then her mind was made up, and she decided that the marriage should not take place on any condition whatever.

Li, the "Seventh," was furious as a tiger when he found out that his well concocted scheme was liable to miscarry. He cursed the Yangs fearfully, making fun of the girl, whom he called a "big footed half Tibetan." "He would make them suffer for this," he said, "and she would be glad to give in, when she had sat on the *kang* a month looking at her boxes, for no one would dare to call on her." It had gradually dawned upon the Yangs that they had fallen among thieves instead of friends, as they supposed, and this conviction was confirmed when it was learned that some of their boxes which had been sent on ahead, had been opened by Li, and their contents, one thousand *taels,* all their silver and gold ornaments, more than three hundred garments and man}' other articles had been stolen.. So the real reason why Lady Yang had been enticed to Tih tao was that her daughter's patrimony might come into the possession of, and be squandered by this opium fiend.

Very little may be gained by applying to a Chinese court of justice, moreover, Lady Yang was afraid that the executors of the law would compel her to give up her daughter, if she went to law and tried to recover her property.

Being on a friendly footing with the missionaries of Chone, and apparently somewhat interested in the Gospel, Lady Yang turned for help and advice to the foreigners of Tih tao, as her only disinterested friends. Anything that could be done for her outside of the *yamen*



TIBETAN WOMEN OF CHONE.

by bringing moral pressure to bear upon the man, we were glad to do, but it has proved impossible thus far to arrive at any peaceable understanding, for Li refuses to be seen.

The fact that Lady Yang has assisted Li for many years; setting him up in business twice, and in all lending him several thousands *taels,* aggravates his case, and proves him to be a thankless and unmitigated scoundrel. The affair has become a stench in the nostrils of even the unrighteous dwellers on "Stone Bridge Street," and Li is spoken of as having "seven parts devil heart," and only "three parts human heart."♦

Another widow came the other day and confided to Si-niang her troubles. She is a native of Hsin Chiang (New Dominion), and hence has a fellow-feeling with the "foreign lady," and often speaks of herself as also being a foreigner. Her husband, who died many years ago, left her only a few "ounces of silver" towards the bringing up of several little children.

♦Since writing the above chapter Li the "Seventh" has just lost the son who was the cause of the

trouble. This was their only son, and there is no greater calamity which can befall a Chinese family than the loss of an only son. Their last hope has perished; even tho he was half an idiot. We hear that Li is prostrated, and* it has caused a profound sensation among our neighbors on "Stone Bridge Street." May many be warned!

To this little store she had,by dint of hard work and saving, added a hundred *taels,* or just about sufficient to secure a wife for her eldest son. That is about the price to be paid for a daughter-in-law from one of the respectable families of this city. Fearing that it might be stolen if put in a box, she dug a hole in the room, which, when carefully covered up, con-[1] cealed her all, as she thought.

Imagine her grief and dismay when she went to look for it the other day and found it gone! It was literally "her all." She suspects some neighbors who live in the same yard, but what can a poor, helpless widow do to obtain justice? Those, who refuse to entertain God in all their thoughts, have no mercy on the widow and the fatherless. She stated her case plainly enough as far as it concerns the officials, viz., "Unless I came with both hands full of silver, as bribes to officials and underlings, it is no use carrying my case into court."

A poor person rarely receives justice in China, when contending with the wealthy and influential. Many current proverbs illustrate the rapacity and corruption of Chinese mandarins, *e.g.,* "Every one with the exception of the door gods, want *cash* from those who enter the *yamen."*

XVII

KEO SIEN-SENG

OUR first meeting, so he told me just recently, was behind the temple on the hill east of the city, whither I had gone to reach the large crowds which had gathered for this, the largest of Tih tao's local festivals. This idolatrous fair, which is held annually the last day of the third moon, is celebrated in honor of *Tong Shan Ie,* "Divinity of the Eastern Hills."

After elbowing our way through the immense crowds which had assembled at the foot of the hill, and were passing up and down in a continuous stream, "Old Faithful" and I had finally reached this secluded, shady spot behind the chief temple. Our sales of Gospels and tracts had been unusually large, and we did not lack an audience even here; so that while the multitudes were thronging before the idols in front of the temple, burning incense and candles; making prostrations and offerings of food; we found a good opportunity in the same neighborhood to dispose of the rest of the books we had with us.

It was a particularly suitable time to present the Truth. Keo Sien-seng, tho unknown to me at the time, was one of the many who purchased a set of Gospels and some tracts.

What a simple, yet momentous occasion for this soul! Like many others he had hitherto wandered about amidst the perplexing mazes of heathen darkness and practices, in his unsuccessful search for the Truth.

One cannot but moralize on what "happens" to so-called "children of circumstance." Suppose there had been no *Fuh yin Tang* in Tih tao, and the well-known figure of a preaching and book-selling missionary had been conspicuous at this fair by his absence. The thought of the responsibility of the missionary as a child of God almost overwhelms one!

Suppose the prospective missionary, yielding to the entreaties of friends and relatives, remains at home. Is it possible to imagine the loss which the world, and himself included, may sustain? "Providential circumstances,"— an open door at home, and even a measure of success, is not always a sure indication that the worker is in God's place. The writer trembles at the thought of the possible consequences arising from a wrong decision when it became necessary some years ago to choose between returning to Kansuh and opening a new district, or staying with a people to whom the Lord had given us a temporary ministry only, and yet between whom and ourselves a mutual love had been born. We retain many fond recollections of our stay in Nan-ling Hsien, but it was only a God-appointed halting place after all.

It is possible to think of souls in Tih tao going out into darkness, which might otherwise have come to the "Light of His shining," simply because of our disobedience, and yielding to the seducive persuasions of natives and fellow-workers, as well as to natural shrinking from "hardness." What might have been the consequences to this one soul groping for the Light! Let us no longer be mere children of uncontrolled-by-God circumstance, with the possibility of becoming veritable Jonahs in the Lord's service.

Keo Sien-seng was, at the time of our early acquaintance, teaching a village school twenty *li* from the city; and previous to the day—five months later—when he voluntarily made a confession of faith in Christ, I saw him only five or six times. After each visit he would take back with him to the village

books he had either bought or borrowed from me, and with a student's avidity he almost literally devoured the contents of the books I had on hand. Many of them were brief compendiums of Western learning, the sciences and modern inventions. His eagerness for learning was so great that he not only mastered the subjects, but tried in his own way all sorts of experiments with home-made instruments. But more than all I was pleased to notice that he did not, like so many of the progressive students of China, despise the "Book of books." He very soon became the possessor of a copy of the entire New Testament, Pilgrim's Progress, Vols. I and II, Doctor Martin's Christian Evidences, and other books expounding kindred themes.

These were eagerly read with an intense desire to know the Truth. There is no doubt in our minds but that the written Word was largely instrumental in bringing this soul "out of darkness into light." Very little personal influence could have been exerted upon him during these few and short visits.

The afternoon, when he came and told me of the light which had dawned in his soul, can never be forgotten. It was the day of our return from a long itinerating trip a year ago that he came and announced of his own accord his decision to serve God. He said, "I have read these books now for four or five months, and I *cannot* but believe in Jesus as the Son of God and *my* Saviour." It was the clearest, and yet the simplest confession of faith which I have had given me in China. He began immediately to act his belief; for from that time on he would walk into the city every Sunday morning when it was possible, and of his own accord assist in the service; explaining as best he could, and often confounding any of his literary compeers w*ho happened to be present, perhaps having come to "try him with hard questions." His remarks carried weight, for being himself a literary graduate, and, as far as real ability is concerned, standing "head and shoulders" above the *literati* of the city, he could speak with conviction of the hollowness and insufficiency of their native religions.

He had vainly spent years in investigating both Taoism and Buddhism; neither the delusive hope of immortality promised to devotees delving into the mystic mazes of Taoism, nor yet the uncertain prospect of Buddhahood by way of the ceaselessly revolving wheel— which even to the very best involves millenniums of forsaking the world, penance and good works—could give satisfaction or heart rest.

Being a scholar of more than usual ability, he was eagerly sought by the common people; and he used to earn considerable by writing out prescriptions for the sick, propitiating unpropitious local deities, and selecting "lucky sites" for prospective houses and graves. Even now people come to him as of old, when he avails himself of the opportunity to speak of the "Living God." All these heathen practices did not cease immediately, but we befieve he has been conscientious in following the light. Since the beginning of the year his home has been permanently in the city, and it has been inspiring, upon closer acquaintance, to watch his gradual, but very steady, mental and spiritual development. He has never withheld his testimony from high or low, rich or poor; and he would be as earnest and painstaking in instructing a poor, old Taoist nun as a welldressed literary friend. He spends his evenings at present in the tent with the carpenters who are building our chapel, teaching them with the aid of a simple catechism the rudiments of the "Jesus Religion."

Altho I had never spoken to him directly on the subject, yet some time ago I had quite decided that as soon as he requested baptism I could grant it without hesitation. He is a man of means, owning houses and a store in the city and considerable property in the country; hence there could not be the least suspicion of an ulterior motive.

One Sunday afternoon not long ago, after our usual Bible and prayer meeting, he came to me with a

radiant face, and said he believed the time had come for him to be baptized. "It is this way, Sien-seng, I have considered it for some time, and two weeks ago when you preached on Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch, I was almost persuaded; this morning when you read Luke xvii. 33, 'Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it,' I became fully convinced that I could no longer put off this ordinance of the Lord."

Persecutions, and the prospect of having to endure much from his numerous influential and scholarly connections in this city, even possible death for his new-found faith, has no terrors for him. This we heard him explain to an inquirer in a very simple way the other day: "You have come to take my life: all right, strike! for by so doing you will render me the greatest service possible; it will so much sooner transfer me from this world of sin to my eternal home, where I shall be clothed with a glorified body, and be forever separated from this corrupt and sin-stained flesh."

Early Sunday morning, August 12, 1906, our little household accompanied this truly converted man to the Tao river, and it was our glorious privilege to lead into its waters this first Christian of Tih tao. (The Tao river flows near by all our Kansuh stations, and nearly all of our Christians have been buried with Christ in its waters.)

A scene like the one witnessed and participated in that morning brings one very near heaven even in heathen China. Even *one* soul won for Christ fully recompenses for years of toil and hardship.

Dear reader, are you participating in this joy by practical fellowship and co-operation?

We have reason to hope that in this very first convert of Tih tao, God is going to supply the long-felt need of a native helper. Keo Sien-seng possesses, over and above an extensive knowledge in native lore, a natural talent of expressing himself lucidly and logically; thus he seems specially fitted for a native preacher. It would do the reader good to see him. He is in his prime—just thirty-five years old; in height above the average Chinese; with a full, intelligent face, and withal a kindly expression, especially when presenting the doctrine, which he does in a modest, unostentatious, yet convincing manner.

The following is his confession of faith composed for his baptismal day, and read in the morning service:

"Twice nine years my heart had coveted the

world and sinful pleasure, Constantly engaged in evil-doing, my sins had

accumulated beyond measure.

"But now my trust is in the Lord, and I accept His finished redemption.

When I began to believe in God I was overwhelmed by His boundless love.

"Formerly when repentant, and searching for truth, I studied the way (Taoism), and tried to rest in the precepts of Buddha;

But it was only going from bad to worse ('coming a cat and going a dog')

"Alas! moral and physical deformities were increased a hundredfold.

"Jesus has now opened to me the way of true

understanding, So I may enter with firm tread the 'Narrow

Gate' which leads to 'Zion's Hill.'

"Formerly I was a foolish fellow, dwelling in a heathen village,

But from now on I purpose to devote myself exclusively to proclaiming the 'Glad Tidings' everywhere.

"If men of the world would only trust the Saviour

They might enjoy Heaven's unalloyed happiness through endless days.

"I beseech Thee, Lord, be ever near me, So that the devil may not be able to take possession of my heart.

"Grant me determination to overcome my adversary,

So that I may finally dwell forever peacefully in the 'Heavenly City'."

The above is a faulty rendering into English of a very fine composition in *Wen-li,* "literary style," because the imperfect medium fails to express the deep sentiment and thought of the original. The couplets, containing two lines of seven ideographs each, are not only perfectly rhythmical in construction, but each half of a couplet is also a marked antithesis of the other half. Thus it not only contains the liberated prisoner's inner experience, but is, even according to Chinese standard of poetry, scholarly and correct.

May God bless Keo Sien-seng, and make him indeed a "fisher of men" in Tih tao district! Won't you pray for him, and thus share in his labors for souls in far-away Kansuh?

XVIII

A UNIQUE PASTORAL VISIT

IT is for the benefit of the ministering brethren in the homeland who may read these pages, that the following incidents of a pastoral visit from which we are just now returning, are worth recording. It was not a visit such as a pastor in America can crowd ten or twelve into his afternoon's work.

Eight days have been consumed on the journey, and the distance covered, going and returning, totals one hundred and sixty English miles. The pastor's wife went also; for there are pastoral duties in China, which, on account of strict social distinctions, only a lady missionary can render. Chinese women can be reached only by their own sex. The missionary's son—aged eight—had to trot along on his donkey; for our nearest missionary neighbors, with whom we could leave him, were no nearer than seventy miles.

This native Christian family, which we visited, lives in the extreme western corner of our immense parish, seventy miles from the center—Tih tao; hence even with the very best endeavor on the part of the residing pastor, only one, or at the most two visits can be made during the year.

The Sabbath previous to our going we had the joy of leading four more precious souls into the baptismal waters; two of these were head carpenters who had built our chapel, and we are specially thankful that some of the workmen, who have been engaged in erecting the visible sign of God's "Merciful Barge" in Tih tao, are not being left out.

They are undoubtedly the fruit of our first Christian's earnest endeavors in teaching them. Lo-si had considerable unpleasantness in his home when he told his wife of his decision to follow Christ; and more so when he commenced to tear down all the visible signs of idolatrous worship in his house. Another candidate for baptism was the only foreign child of Tih tao, who, with and before the natives, witnessed a good confession.

Some fearfulnes as to the outcome of an attempt to cross the treacherous river, which bars the road between Tih tao and our destination, was our only drawback. Several mules had been swept away during the summer, when mule-drivers made an attempt to ford it. However, we had unusually good weather just before and during the trip, and finding the river comparatively shallow, we were able to ford it easily and without accident going and returning.

There is a great sameness about inn experiences in Kansuh, so I will quote from a printed account of a previous journey: "Our lodging for the night is not quite a first-class— could hardly be styled a second rate—barn in our more fastidious homeland, but it has the advantage of being new, and is to be preferred to more respectable but older inns, for the simple reason that such perhaps contain fewer of those self-invited, yet in China ubiquitous and un-get-at-able guests which give travelers in the Celestial Empire such uncomfortable feelings.

"If you never went by feelings before, you would have to yield to them when stopping in a Chinese inn. It may give some comfort to your flea-tormented friend if the following sentiment expressed by an unknown author is scientifically true:

"'So naturalists observe a flea has other fleas that on him prey.

And these have others still that bite 'era, and so proceed *ad infinitum.'*

"Two corners in our hotel contain *kangs,* which in this cold climate are indispensable to the natives, for they can be heated, and serve a family as bed room, sitting room and dining room combined. These are freshly heated towards evening with the dry refuse from the stables, and some keep them heated day and night, summer and winter. We find that ours is uncomfortably warm, and do not anticipate the night, as far as rest and sleep are concerned. One of these *kangs* has been reserved for the use of the foreign travelers; a conglomerate mass of humanity, eight or ten, including our servant and official escort, occupy the other. The kitchen is in the third corner, and the whole house serves for chimney. Our two horses and Robert's donkey fill the fourth corner, and my horse—last in the row—is so near our sleeping quarters that we take the precaution before retiring to put a beam between for fear that he might get lively during the night, and unintentionally kick out our brains. The inn-keeper, with wife and several children, are just now preparing their resting place with straw and a few boards, in the only remaining space in the middle of the mud floor. Pigs are in evidence, and as it is raining outside, they will, we suppose, take possession of the remaining room (?)"

The above is a picture of common expertences when traveling in Kansuh, and the conditions and accommodations with environments are not the worst which we have encountered. But these are only "light afflictions" which could hardly overbalance the joy of doing this glorious work, and of bringing souls into the light.

"Sept. 1. There were many reasons why our sleep was disturbed last night. One was, four animals were squeezed in so tightly that it proved non-conducive to friendship, and they had to be separated during the night. Then the heat of the *kang* was unbearable. The above-mentioned fleas were conspicuous not by their absence, but by their tormenting presence. However, a ride of twenty *li,* inhaling the early morning air, gave us a new lease of life, and we easily forgot 'the things that are behind.'

"I was very much pleased this morning, when packing in our bedding, preparing to leave, to see pasted upon the wall over the *kang,* one of the sheet tracts entitled 'God's Grace,' which I have scattered very widely in this district."

The inns on the Ho cheo road are of better quality, for we were able to secure a small private room at the end of each stage, and did not have to share these with our horses even, tho we had an uncomfortable experience the first night, when we were almost suffocated by the smoke from the *kang.*

At the crossing of the water shed which divides Tih tao and Ho cheo districts, the beautiful jagged peaks of the "Prince Mountain" burst full into view. It lifts its head several thousand feet above the surrounding hilly country, and on the other side are the camps and haunts of the wild Tibetans.

The legend of this region points to a far remote period in the past, when a prince came out of this mountain, but he did not get very far. *Tai tsi si,* "Prince died," which is now a prosperous Mohammedan market town scarcely fifty miles away, is supposed to be the place of his death.

On the afternoon of the third day, after a tiresome, continual crossing of hills, we arrived at the home of our native Christians. The village, *Ki kia ch'ai tsi,* is located in the midst of a fertile valley near the conjunction of three rivers. On the hills overlooking the valley are still to be seen the ruins of the fortresses where the fleeing refugees during the last rebellion made a last brave stand against the overwhelming Moslem forces. From these heights they were forced to witness the destruction of all earthly possessions, and the conflagration which reduced their homes to ashes. Thousands were killed

when they finally attempted to break through the enemy's lines.

We spent two days in the village, and had a more profitable time than on a previous visit, for the natives had become accustomed to us, and we were less of a curiosity. Some had even looked forward to our coming again, and prepared their very best for us when we finally appeared. We had more "invitations out" than we could possibly accept. Such visits, and readiness to enjoy their rural hospitality, helps greatly in removing prejudice and supersti-, tious fear. The stories circulating among the credulous natives about the foreigners are often very amusing. Robert happened to fall and picked himself up, to the apparent astonishment of some bystanders, whereupon one sagely remarked, "I told you so." It transpired that they had just been discussing the perplexing problem as to whether foreigners had kneejoints or not, one or two emphatically affirming that if a foreigner fell down, he would be unable to rise without assistance.

Questions relating to simple matters, addressed to these uncouth tillers of the soil, are often answered only by a prolonged stare, and it takes about "half a day" for such an one to realize that he is spoken to in his own tongue.

The acquisition and frequent use of a few of their localisms will very much facilitate intercourse with those ignorant villagers, whose world has been so circumscribed. For instance, the people of Ho cheo district have the provokingly perverse habit of letting the "s" sound remain silent when it precedes a syllable, so that "shui"-water, becomes "fei" among the Ho cheo-ites. In this respect they are unconscious imitators of some natives of the world's metropolis, with this difference, that they do not as uniformly put on a letter where it ought not to be.

Another habit they have, and this often confounds the listener with untrained ear, is that of adding "peh" to nearly every sentence. This frequently causes ridiculous mistakes, as for instance, when the missionary's wife asked a country woman how many children she had, the latter dropping the numerary adjunct and adding "peh," answered strangely enough, *moh ih peh,* "not a hundred," when in reality she intended to convey the meaning that she had "not one." No greater calamity than childlessness can befall a Chinese woman; for they still cherish the patriarchal idea in respect to children, and seem to intuitively accept the Scriptural estimate, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, . . . happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them."

The majority of these villagers are so poor that they can barely exist, being deprived of necessities even, for it takes the farmers a long time to recuperate after such a calamity as befell them ten years ago, when everything went before the onslaught of the fierce Moslems. Yet their first care has been for their local deities, and three magnificent temples, erected at an enormous cost, can be distinctly seen a long distance from the village.

Would that Christians of so-called Christian countries were as zealous for their religion!

The threat has been so long hanging over this Christian family that unless they subscribed money towards the erection of these temples, and for the idol worship, the head men of the village would take their ox away from them, that we felt justified in going into the city to represent the case. The result of a visit to the civil magistrate, was the putting up of a proclamation in the village, defining the status of native Christians according to international treaties, and in accord with religious toleration edicts issued by the reigning Em



"OLD FAITHFUL" WITH SONS AND DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW.



UEN-LAI, HER RETURNED PRODIGAL HUSBAND, AND THEIR LITTLE SON.

peror, which exempt native Christians from taxation for the purpose of erecting temples and the maintenance of idol worship.

Only one Christian was baptized during this visit, but he is a particularly bright young man and we have much hope of him. Three others were advised to wait until next visit.

The enemy was not going to yield without a great struggle, and even within this family there was much opposition. It broke loose that Sunday afternoon, when after a good service, the second brother without permission from the father took some of the younger members of the family and went to work threshing wheat. When I remonstrated with him for breaking the Sabbath's peace, he broke down and was won over completely. The neighbors making fun of them for keeping the Sabbath had made him

very angry. We trust it was the means of turning him to the Lord.

I thought that evening, while sitting in their midst, leading their hearty singing unto the Lord, and instructing them in the "way more perfectly," that I would not exchange my place on that *mud-kang* in "Old Faithful's" little hut with its straw-thatched roof, for a pulpit in a New York Fifth Avenue Church.

"He that winneth sotils is wise."

XIX

RESUME AND CONCLUSION

THE reader who has carefully scanned the preceding pages will, we trust, be convinced that they are inflicted upon friends of foreign missions, because the author, tho burdened with many other cares in common with his fellow missionaries, was under the influence of the impelling force *"must."* The motive which has prompted this contribution to missionary literature does not aim merely at entertainment. We hope it will help to arouse more than a passing interest, and that this appeal to heart and conscience may produce nothing less than a sense of the "woe" which the Great Apostle experienced. Prompt action in accordance therewith will enable us in some degree to meet our obligations to God and a lost world.

It is a great error to imagine that the world is evangelized, and having contributed a small fraction of the "widow's mite," for the purpose of keeping up the present missionary establishment, forthwith fold our hands and wait for the "well done, good and faithful servant."

It must be recorded to our shame that there are still a dozen or more countries, and large divisions in Asia alone, unevangelized. And it appears to us who dwell on the border that the doors of the "Closed Land" are as firmly barred as they were ten years ago, even tho the British contingent marched into Lhasa recently. It may be, as a prominent American once said, that civilization has in this case got "a lift in a powder cart," tho we are still blind to the fact.

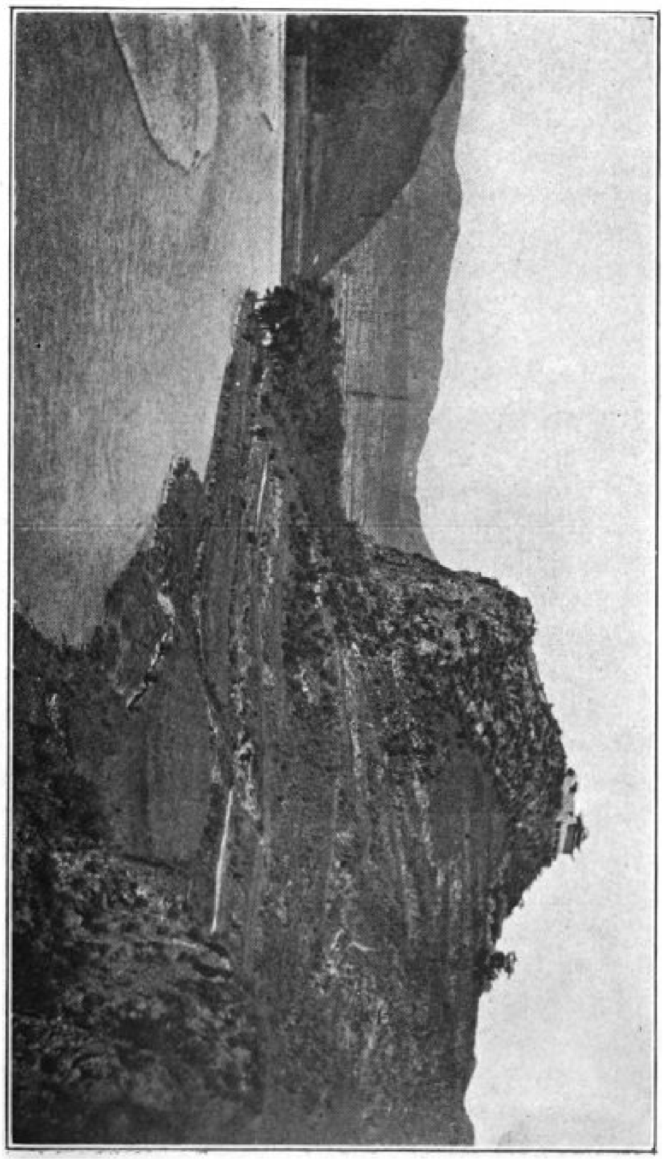
Kindly listen to the understanding to which, according to an editorial in a recent Shanghai daily, the High Contracting Parties, Great Britain, China and Russia, have arrived. "With Russia we have come to the best possible arrangement respecting the future of Tibet; neither is to interfere with the internal administration of the country; neither is to make it a point from which to-assault the other. The Lamas are to remain in their mountain fastnesses (thus far well and good) and the outer world is not to be encouraged to travel within their borders. (Too bad!) Even Doctor Sven Hedin has been refused permission to explore the country opened up (?) in 1904."

If this is the treatment given a prominent explorer, to whom all the world is indebted, how will it fare with the poor missionary? So much for diplomacy, which recalls the words of the wise king, "Put not your trust in princes."

The missionary, who with the noblest of motives tries to penetrate into the interior of Tibet, does so at his own risk; for no passports are issued which include this vast country. It is to be feared that since the conclusion of this last treaty between China and Great Britain regarding Tibet, the Chinese government will not only continue to discountenance traveling therein, but will, moreover, do their utmost to baffle such enterprises. It follows that Tibetan missionaries, of which there may be fifty in all, encircling it on three sides, are in their work still limited to the border.

But we are strengthening our stakes, even if we cannot lengthen our cords very much. Our Tibetan Border Mission is established on a firmer basis than ever before. Reinforcements would make possible the opening of several border towns, all excellent centers for Tibetan work.

The opportunities for doing good in the extensive Chone district are numerous; but the missionary has thus far only been able to visit a few of the forty-eight clans who owe allegiance to the Prince of Chone. But among those visited he can travel freely, and is always SCENE NEAR CHONE. THE TEMPLE ON THE TOP OF THE HILL WAS BUILT BY A PRINCE OF CHONE FOR THE PURPOSE OF CURSING SEVEN REBELLIOUS TIBETAN CLANS .



welcome. The house in which the missionaries of Chone live, is commodious and thoroughly Tibetan, with plenty of accommodations for guests. It was originally ibuilt for a *Tsang Uang,* "King of Tibet," but sold to the mission for a very small sum. It had stood empty for many years and was supposed to be haunted. A Tibetan from the *T'eo* tribe had been murdered there, and his skeleton was still in the house.

The vast region west and northwest of Tao cheo, Old City, extending to Pao-ngan and beyond, is all worked by the Tao cheo missionaries. This district would require several itinerants in order to be systematically worked and evangelized.

The friendly attitude of the people of Min cheo towards the *Fuh yin Tang* has already been mentioned. Several young men employed in the various departments of the *yamen* have been baptized, and some others are inquirers.

The opportunities for evangelizing around Tih tao are unlimited, but one missionary family cannot, even with the best will and greatest exertion, make much impression upon 300,000 —a conservative estimate of the population governed by *Pan Lao ie.* Both the city and country people of this region, in their persons and homes, convey an idea of general prosperity. Cases of extreme poverty are more rare than among the crowded myriads of China's lowlands, tho the curse is also here as everywhere present. *Tien iu Hen tao, ti iu ti tao,* "Heaven has its heavenly doctrine, earth its earthly doctrine," in other words Tih tao is not only a well conceived pun, but passes as a favorite aphorism among Tih tao-ites, who are not particularly noted for humility.

Temples are rising up out of their ruins on every hand, and the people, like the Athenians of old, are "very religious." Tobacco growing is the chief industry, and this is not a small business for a city of its size.

Only about fifteen of Kansuh's eighty-eight cities have residing missionaries; twenty of these are in Southern Kansuh, and could be opened any time. Ho cheo and Kong Ch'ang Fu, distant two hundred and ten *li* from Tih tao to the West and the East, are ready for the missionary; in fact houses have already been offered us in the former place.

Directly westward from Tih tao one may travel one thousand five hundred English mile9 before coming in contact with other missionaries. The new Dominion is still without one permanent representative of Christ, tho Mr. Hunter, of the China Inland Mission, has just passed through on an extensive itineracy. The Moslem population preponderates throughout Chinese Turkestan, and this is a special call to volunteers who can show them a wholehearted love.

God has given us the greater number of our Christians within the last two years. Between thirty and forty have been baptized, and as many more are catechumens. Four of these recently baptized have gained the degree of *Hsiu tsai,* "Literary B.A.," and all possess an unusual amount of native ability, with the addition of some Western learning recently acquired. Two of these, Cheo and Keo, have already received honorable mention in these pages. Two others, Uang and Chang, are also in training as evangelists. It took the former, as he himself often says, five years to come from Tao cheo, New City, his home, to Tao cheo *Fuh vin Tang,* a distance of sixty *li.* But the love of Christ finally conquered opposition. His wife is a beautiful little Christian woman whose early life has certainly been a strange one. There being already a large family many costly attempts were made to prevent the arrival of the unwelcome babe, but she survived. Later she died, at least they thought she did, after an attack of small-pox, and was buried; *i.e.,* after the manner of burial of Chinese children, which is to wrap in a piece of matting and throw a little dirt over them. Some one came along and heard the corpse crying, and she was rescued. She is very much *alive* now, and loves the Lord dearly, tho she absolutely refused at first to listen to her converted husband's exhortations, or come to services.

The other prospective evangelist, Mr. Chang, told me this summer that our first meeting was ten years ago, when we pitched our little tent in front of the Chone lamasery during the sixth moon fair.

He even remembers the conversation which took place then.

These are a few of the many interesting cases of conversion, and truly it has been fruit "after many days." And the Lord knows all about the "unreckoned fruit," tho we sometimes get inklings through hearing of reverent study of the Word, on the part of those who have not, for some reason, been able to join the Church Militant, and some even dying with Christian books in their hands.

The giant (China) is waking up, and its con-' science is being enlightened. The whole world, including the Indian opium grower, has been struck speechless by the recent Imperial Edict which limits the existence of opium in China to ten years. The sceptical and incredulous smile, and affirm that it cannot be done. However, we must give the government credit for its good intentions; and surely there must be something in it, when a heavy revenue evidently counts so little in comparison with the welfare of the people. This has such an important bearing upon all things Chinese, that we take the liberty to quote this prohibitory edict in full. It was issued Sept. 20, 1906, and reads as follows:

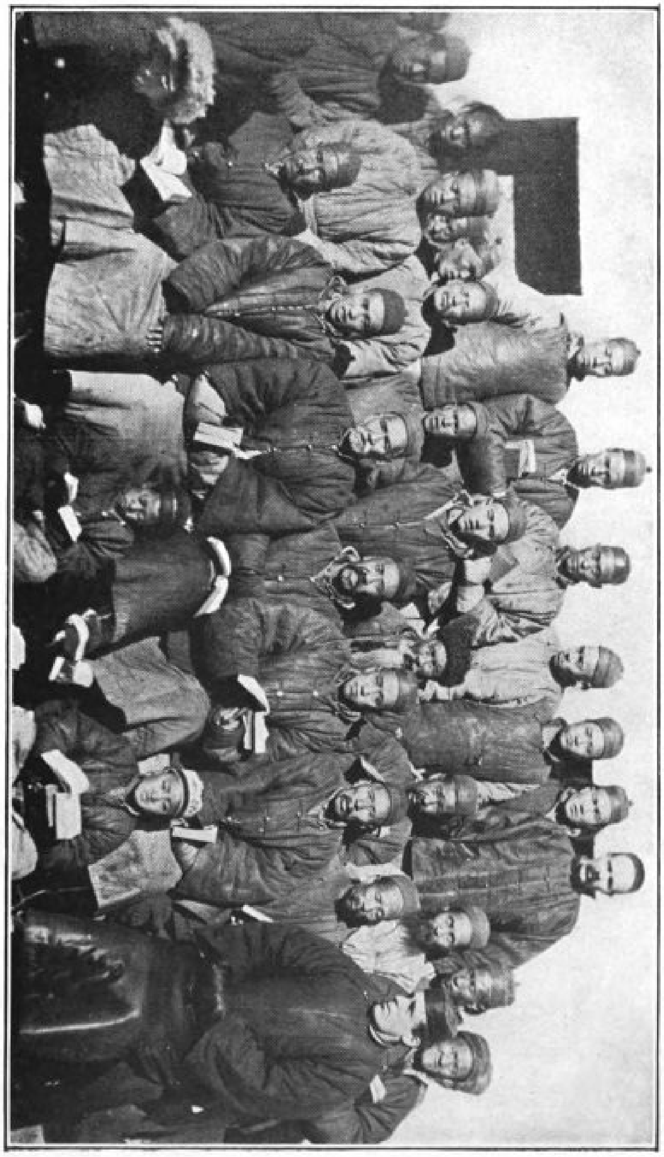
"Since the Imperial prohibition of opium, almost the whole of China has been flooded with the poison. Smokers of opium have wasted their time, neglected their employment, spoiled their constitutions, and ruined their households; and thus, for some decades, China has presented a picture of ever increasing poverty and weakness. It rouses our deep indignation even to speak of the matter. The Court is now ardently *determined to make China poiuerful,* and it is incumbent upon us to urge the people on to reformation in this respect, that they may realize the evil, pluck out this deep-seated cancer, and follow the ways of health and harmony.

"We therefore decree that, within the limit of ten years, this harmful 'foreign muck' be fully and entirely cleansed away. And we further command the Council of State Affairs to consider means for the strict prohibition both of opium-smoking and poppy-growing (in China itself), and report their deliberations to us for approval."

Many administrative reforms have been proposed recently, and many of these are being carried out. Even a Constitution has been promised when the people have been educated to the point of appreciating it. This proves the sincerity of the rulers of China who thus *freely offer* their people what many other nations have and are struggling for, as a boon which their rulers would fain withhold. This has brought out Chinese eloquence, and some believe, with what truth remains to be seen, "The Constitution would be the beacon light which would lead the derelict (China) into a haven of safety."

Foot-binding, that cruel and senseless custom, which tries to propitiate the exacting god of Fashion, by offering the mutilated feet of women and girls, will, it is to be hoped, become obsolete in another two or three decades.

But what about the Church of Christ in China? Are we pressing the battle at the front?



CHRISTIANS AND INQUIRERS.

Are we obeying the injunction to "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes"?

"China is not evangelized yet. Jesus Christ walks unknown through 1,500 of the 1,900 cities that are capitals of counties, because He needs lips to use and hands to use, and there are no missionary servants of His in those cities.

"Tibet is the only section of the Empire which still persistently and deliberately repels

missionaries, but even Tibetans living among the Chinese have become Christians during the year in small numbers.

"China is being swarmed by Japanese teachers—exponents of Neo-Buddhism, so unless the Christian Church can make plain to the nation the healing power of Christ, other teachers, proclaiming the merits of some new superstition 'of the moving of the waters,' will persuade China to step down into the nearest puddle, and call that a cure. If this happens, men way well begin to discuss the 'Yellow Peril.' "♦

The editor of a large Japanese daily paper, himself a non-Christian, pays the following tribute to Christianity:

"Look all over Japan, to-day more than forty

♦The Missionary Review, January, 1906.

million have a higher standard of morality than they have ever known. Our ideas of loyalty and obedience are higher than ever, and we inquire the cause of this great moral advance. We can find it in nothing else than the religion of Jesus Christ."

Will the Church of Christ in China receive the same encomium and acknowledgment when the Chinese nation has attained to the same state of civilization and progress?

It rests with us Christians, collectively and individually, that we introduce Christian influence and moral standards in all places of the Empire.

"And to every man his work." Is He calling you to leave all and go forth to the heathen? You cannot afford to disobey I Does He ask of you the substance over which He has made you steward? Gladly accept this offer of cooperation with Him in the most important enterprise of the Age; and make heavenly investments, which are sure to yield large dividends! Are you limited to prayer as your share in the world's evangelization? Then pray! for we would exclaim with one of Asia's greatest pioneers:

"Unprayed for I feel like a diver at the bottom of the sea cut off from his air supply; or a fireman on a burning building with an empty hose."

"'The Son of God goes forth to war,

A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar!

Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,

Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below.

He follows in His train."

GLOSSARY.

Ahon—A Moslem teacher.
Apo—Old lady.

Cash—English term for native copper coins.
Hoh fuhie—Chinese term for "Living Buddha."
Gom ba—Monastery.

Kushey—Tibetan term for "Living Buddha."

Khata—Scarf of ceremony.

Kang—Heated mud bed.

Ku-niang—Girl, or unmarried woman.

Kow-tow—Prostration.

Kia—Home, or family.

Lama—Superior Buddhist priest.

Li—One-third of an English mile.

Mien—Sort of noodles.

Nien-king—Chant the classics.

Sien-seng—Teacher, sir or Mr.

Siao-tsie—Young lady; Miss.

Si-niang—A teacher's wife; Mrs.

Tai-tai—Lady; an official's wife.

Taels—One ounce of silver, Portuguese term.

Yamen—Official residence.

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